

THE SIGN

FEBRUARY 1959 — 25¢

National Catholic Magazine

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DR. JOHN C. WU

See Page 15

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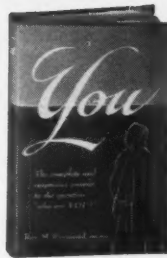
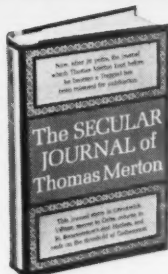
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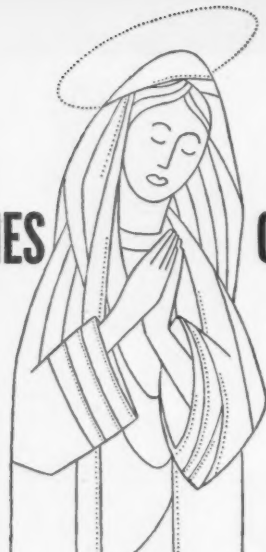
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Letters

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

I am glad that I prefaced my interview with Christopher Dawson (December) by admitting my inexperience as an interviewer. I did, in fact, misrepresent Mr. Dawson on one point. He had been discussing Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr. By misunderstanding which of them he meant by the word "he," I made him out as "Tillich is a sort of Protestant Maritain" when he meant Reinhold Niebuhr.

F. J. SERRA

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Thank you for your kindness in sending me the copy of *THE SIGN* which included the provocative conversation between Frank Sheed and Christopher Dawson. I read this with great interest as an illustration of the stimulating results which occur when two lively minds roam through the world of ideas.

NATHAN M. PUSEY
PRESIDENT
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

We would like to congratulate you on this month's issue of *THE SIGN* and in particular the interview with Christopher Dawson.

JOHN Q. ADAMS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Deeply gratified to learn Christopher Dawson considers Thornton Wilder's *George Brush* to be "one of the great spiritual figures." (December, p. 35).

A review at the time in one of our Catholic publications said Brush "practically what passes for religion in some circles." *Heaven's My Destination* was the name of the book.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS

SEATTLE, WASH.

AMINDA WILKINS

I appreciated very much the kind piece about me which appeared in the December issue of *THE SIGN* (page 57). I would like, however, to correct a misunderstanding concerning discrimination in Missouri.

It is true that I never experienced any prejudice or discrimination because of my race in the Church which I attended in Missouri or in the neighborhood in which I was reared. However, the laws of the state of Missouri did discriminate against me.

(Continued on page 6)

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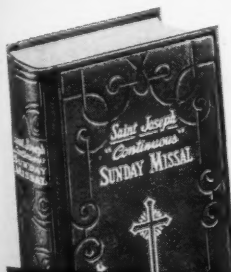
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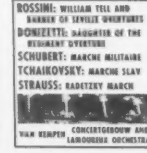
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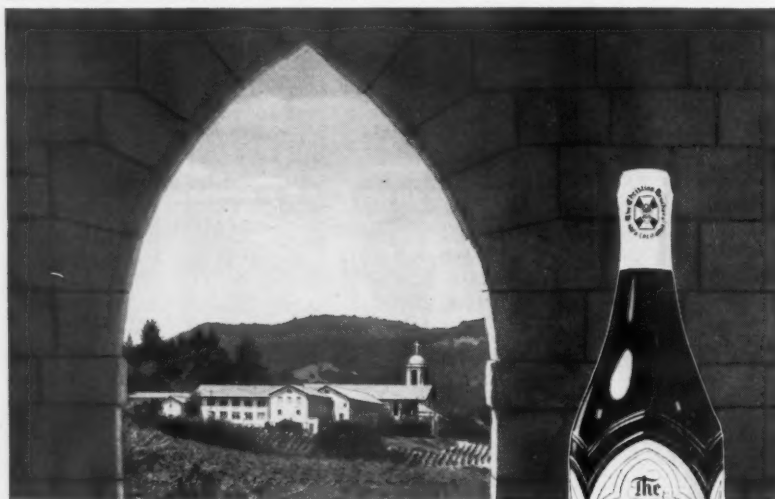
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Happily, my native state now understands the meaning of the Constitution of the United States and the American ideal and educates its young people in unsegregated schools in the neighborhoods in which they live.

AMINDA B. WILSON

JAMAICA, N. Y.

PASSIONISTS

Permit me to express my feelings of appreciation for THE SIGN Picture Story "A Passionist Priest is Formed," which appeared in your October issue. I must say it is one of the most interesting and instructive sketches which impress the reader. . . .

A. K. SEBASTIAN MANANALAN

TRICHUR, INDIA

CHILDREN'S READING

I was very interested in the article "On Illiterate Children," by Dan Herr (October). It is quite a shock to walk into many modern Catholic homes and find books relegated to the halls or bedrooms or maybe the closets. . . .

Reading parents, who not only read good books, deep books, but also read to their children, do make readers of their children. But the funny thing is in this generation of illiterate children a reader is considered an oddball. . . .

MRS. GEORGIA HOFFMAN

NEW PARIS, OHIO

INTEGRATION

If those who object to the integration of schools would for just a few hours watch the men in the United States Armed Services (who are strictly integrated) and realize that the safety of our beloved country lies not only in the hands of the whites but also in those of other races they would not be so quick to cry "Crucify them! Crucify them!"

WILLIAM P. JONES

A/3c USMC

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CANADA'S PEOPLE

I am a Catholic college student and have recently become acquainted with THE SIGN Magazine. . . .

I particularly enjoyed Mr. Wright's article "Canada's People" (October). I was fortunate to have spent a summer with the French Canadians while studying at a university in Quebec and certainly agree with Mr. Wright in that these people are neither

(Continued on page 78)

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A. Kelly, is the Director of the New York Archdiocese's Family Life Bureau. His guidance is based on his broad knowledge of everyday family experiences as well as the teachings of the Church. You'll find practical, realistic advice on in-law troubles, money questions, problems of parenthood—all of the daily human difficulties of modern marriage.

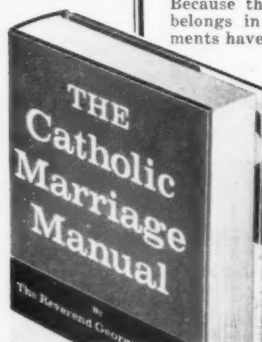
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The SIGN®

National Catholic Magazine

February, 1959

Volume 38, Number 7

The American Scene	52	LIFE IN A PREP SCHOOL, <i>A Sign Picture Story</i>
	56	MY CAMPUS FAMILY, <i>by Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C.</i>
	58	THE THREE LIVES OF GRACE TULLY, <i>by Paul Healy</i>
The World Scene	20	THE PUZZLING DRAMA OF MEXICAN CATHOLICS, <i>by Bernard Murchland, C.S.C.</i>
	25	UNESCO'S GIFTED BOSS, <i>by Robert Rigby</i>
	30	ON THE EDGE OF THE VOLCANO, <i>A Sign Picture Story</i>
Various	15	THE MAN BEYOND EAST AND WEST, <i>by Milton Lomask</i>
	23	THE PASSION AND THE SAINT, <i>by Norbert Herman, C.P.</i>
Short Stories	40	MOONLIGHT FOR MATTY, <i>by Frank P. Jay</i>
	44	DAY OF A WEDDING, <i>by Catherine Sheridan</i>
Editorials	10	NO SURRENDER, <i>by Ralph Gorman, C.P.</i>
	11	CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT
Entertainment	37	STAGE AND SCREEN, <i>by Jerry Cotter</i>
	48	RADIO AND TELEVISION, <i>by John Lester</i>
Features	2	LETTERS
	18	PEOPLE
	28	ONE AND ONLY HIALEAH, <i>by Red Smith</i>
	51	MISSIONARY PENANCE, <i>by Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B.</i>
	57	APOLOGY FOR YOUTH, <i>A Poem by Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C.</i>
	60	NO SUPPLE WILLOW I, <i>A Poem by Betty Rivera</i>
	61	WOMAN TO WOMAN, <i>by Katherine Burton</i>
	62	SIGN POST, <i>by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.</i>
	65	BOOK REVIEWS

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Editor's page

No Surrender

AFTER the death of Stalin, there was a brief period of wishful thinking that the Soviet Union would co-operate with the rest of the world in seeking peace. Events since that time, and especially recent events, show how vain was any such hope.

The Reds are stepping up their pressure all over the world. There is hardly a spot they are not probing, seeking to discover weak points in the Western defense. They are mounting offensives on the diplomatic, political, economic, and propaganda fronts and are backing them up with military threats.

Until quite recently, some observers were predicting that there was a cooling of friendship, even a latent hostility, between Peiping and Moscow. Now we see them working in complete harmony to upset the harmony of the rest of the world. For a time, some experts were predicting mass risings of the enslaved peoples of China and Russia. As a matter of fact, there isn't any trustworthy evidence that they aren't content with their lot—never having known anything better.

There isn't any reason to believe that Moscow is restraining Peiping, as we heard some time ago. Peiping is taking a tougher line than Moscow, indicated by the shelling of Quemoy and Matsu, the threats against Formosa, the economic and propaganda offensives in Southeast Asia, the efforts to stir up trouble in Korea and even Japan, and her attempts to bully her way into the U.N.

Only a few months ago, the Reds were talking urgently about a summit conference and about eliminating nuclear tests and preventing a surprise attack. Now the voices calling for a summit conference are muted and the Reds have deliberately wrecked the conference on surprise attacks and are giving no real co-operation in the effort to stop nuclear tests.

The Reds are stepping up their offensive in the Near East, the overland route to Africa. They have had considerable success, not merely in the United Arab Republic but even in oil-rich Iraq, until recently solidly in the Western camp. They are stirring up the Kurdish tribes in Iraq, Iran, and Turkey, and they have brought heavy pressure to bear on Iran to reject the United States-Iranian military agreement.

Some of our friends are getting second thoughts about allowing us to construct missile bases on their territory, because of Russian threats of what will

happen to them in case of war. The same holds good for some of our Strategic Air Command bases. This isn't good news, particularly in view of the fact that the Reds will be producing an intercontinental ballistic missile in quantity within a couple of years.

For awhile we were congratulating ourselves that Europe was safe, and then came the Berlin bomb-shell. What Khrushchev told us in effect was for Britain, France, and the U.S.A. to get out of West Berlin and turn its 2,200,000 people over to the kind mercies of the Reds. To increase the effrontery of his demand, he attached a six-month ultimatum.

The Western powers are in Berlin by reason of Germany's unconditional surrender, which transferred the rule over Berlin to them and to the Soviets. The military agreement of June 5, 1945, established an area of "Great Berlin" to be occupied by all four powers, and this arrangement was confirmed at Potsdam. The Western Allies therefore are in Berlin by strict right and neither Soviet Russia nor her illegitimate offspring, East Germany, has any right to attempt to expel them.

WE ARE convinced that the time has come to take a thus-far-and-no-farther stand and to make it clear to the Reds that Western rights and Western defenses are not to be chipped away inch by inch. Now is the time to put into effect the lessons we learned from Hitler. Appeasement doesn't pay and only leads to war.

There is a paralyzing fear of nuclear war in the West and for that matter throughout the world, and the Reds are taking full advantage of it to whittle away at Western power and Western defenses. Every time we back up and give in, we are weakening ourselves and strengthening the Soviets.

The final choice can only be war or surrender. The sooner we make up our minds and let the Reds and the rest of the world know that it isn't and never will be surrender, the better for ourselves and for the peace of the world.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Like the venturesome sailors of old, charting new seas, discovering new lands, and opening up fresh fields for human conquest, the modern rocketeers seem to be successfully blaz-

ing their trails into the regions of outer space. These mysterious regions of the universe seem to grow more expansive every time some scientist

The Rocketeers

designs a bigger telescope to peer into them. Recent estimates conclude there are about 400 billion stars in our Milky Way galaxy and about 100 billion galaxies similar to the Milky Way. The extent of God's creation seems limitless. In view of the further adventures which may await the daring exploits of man, the recent achievements of the rocketeers appear all the more fascinating.

The late Holy Father, Pius XII, had warm praise for the rocketeers. In September, 1956, His Holiness addressed the Seventh International Congress of Astronautics. He surveyed the rapid rise of the "astronauts" during the previous half century. He pointed out that while to many people their work had appeared fantastic and highly imaginative, yet the basic principles of astronautics had been logically formulated as far back as the turn of the century. He noted that the first liquid fuel rocket had been launched in the United States in 1926; that shortly afterward an organization of amateur astronauts was formed in Europe and a society of astronauts established in Germany; that the American Rocket Society was founded in the United States in 1930 and the British Interplanetary Society was founded in 1933. The Pope reminded his listeners that the V-2 rocket had successfully been launched in 1944 but unfortunately for purposes of war; that the First International Congress of Astronautics was held in 1949 and the International Astronautic Federation was established in 1951.

His Holiness had admiration for the intrepid conviction, the genius and daring of these pioneers in the exploration of outer space. He told them that the pursuit of their goal was noble and lawful; that when God commanded man "subdue the earth" (Genesis 2:28), He did not intend to limit merely to this earth man's efforts at conquest, but rather "God has confided all creation to man and offered it to the human spirit, in order that this spirit, by penetrating creation, might be able to understand ever more profoundly the infinite greatness of the Creator."

The Pope had a word of caution for the astronauts. He reminded them that space exploration and space conquest were, like all human activity, subject to the laws of conscience and the laws of God; that the common effort of mankind toward the peaceful conquest of the universe should bring to men a great sense of solidarity and community; an awareness that they all belonged to the one great family of God, children of the same Father. If their work should fail to proceed



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Pope John XXIII, who has delighted Christians with his individuality and personality, visits prisoners in Rome's Queen of Heaven Prison, setting personal example in his advice to pastors to extend spiritual efforts

in harmony with God's law and a sense of dedication to the higher interests of mankind, it would only cause greater dissensions among men.

All in all, His Holiness was optimistic of mankind's latest venture and gave his blessings to the new work.

The flash and roar of the sky rockets should not blind us to the ever-increasing importance of another mighty force in modern society. This is the force of public opinion.

Public Opinion and the Press

The power of public opinion has grown. Universal education has made people more critical in their judgments. Tremendous advance in communications has brought a better-informed public on the events of the day. Public opinion is the natural echo of those events in the minds of people. More and more they refuse to be passively led by their rulers. They have a sense of their dignity and importance. As the late Holy Father, Pius XII, remarked in his Christmas Message in 1944, "When people call for 'democracy and better democracy,' that demand can have no other meaning than that citizens shall be increasingly placed in a position to hold their own opinions, to voice them, and to make them effective in promoting the general welfare."

The Communists well understand the power of public opinion. For this reason they seek to control it. Within their own borders they deliberately manufacture it, from cradle to the grave. They fight criticism the way a medical association fights germs. Outside their borders, they annually spend billions on cunningly cooked-up propaganda designed to capture world public opinion.

The free world also shows keen concern for public opinion. Nations engage in intense psychological warfare in order to woo and win world public opinion. In our own nation, Labor and Management are each aware of the growing power of the third force of public opinion. Legislative lobbies for various causes seek to bring about a climate of public opinion favorable to their causes. Even jurists, who are supposed to serve justice over and above the fear and favor of men, are too often swayed in their decisions by the prevailing climate of public opinion. Local law officers enforce or fail to enforce clear-cut laws according to the local climate of public opinion. For better or worse, public opinion is becoming an increasingly more powerful force.

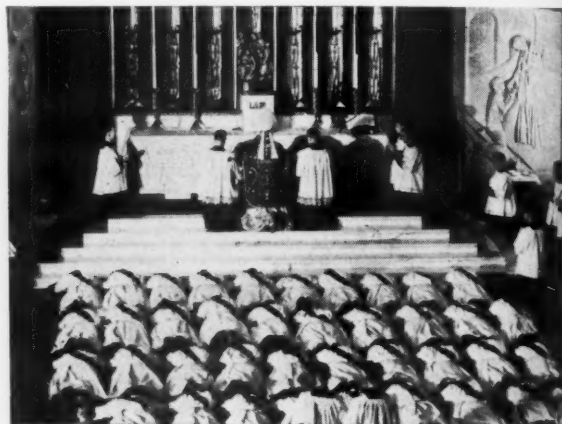
The power of public opinion points up the responsibility of the press. There is nothing infallible about public opinion. Misinformed, miseducated, enslaved to irresponsible propagandists or ill served by an incompetent press, public opinion can become brutal, indecent, and tyrannical. Mob rule and lynch law are substituted for justice.

It is the function of the press, not to manufacture public opinion, but to serve it well by accurately reporting events of the day; by responsible commentaries on issues of the day; by analyses of the daily news by competent writers truly dedicated to the common weal.

It becomes ever more important for the citizen to be properly informed on events, on issues, on public leaders. People should choose their reading with even more care than they choose their food or clothing. The newspaper or news magazine they read should be free from slanted news reports. Editorials and interpretations of news should be found clearly indicated as such. While allowing for a certain measure of personal opinion and disagreement in social affairs, readers should learn to choose their columnists and editors with a view to selecting those who most honestly and competently serve the common good of society. Such



The humility of all men before God is reflected in two striking scenes in Rome. Above, 23 new Cardinals prostrate themselves prior to receiving Red Hats; below, 39 American priests make a similar act of adoration at their ordination. The Church has pomp, but simplicity, too



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



France's new president, Charles de Gaulle, beginning seven-year term, carries burden of European as well as French unity. Here, he visits Algerian workers



GILLOON



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Students at Mater Dolorosa School in Holyoke, Mass., remove statues and paintings prior to building's demolition because of fire hazard. The Chicago parochial school fire, which claimed 93 lives, may have averted deaths in many other places



GILLOON

Peking sign rallies people to greater production. Westerners need to know more about China's development

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Students in Topeka, Kan., learn about Japan by eating Japanese-style. Good method for teaching customs

African Little Sisters of St. Francis went to Rome to congratulate benefactor, Cardinal Cushing

RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE



New ideas: left, Austrian orphans live in homes with "mothers" who strive for normal family life. Right, Minneapolis-St. Paul shut-ins attend special monthly Masses; volunteers transport them



procedure will help keep American public opinion well informed, strongly united, and jealous of the tone of respectability and decency in every community.

When the Teamsters Union declared that it was planning to organize public workers, and specifically the New York Police Department, the editorial roof caved in. Newspapers

Hoffa and the Police

and commentators whipped up a frenzy of denunciation. Frequent allusions were made to former President Coolidge and his handling of the Boston police strike. The general conclusion was that it was unthinkable that policemen should join a union.

We think that this denunciation went too far. We have no emotional attachment to Hoffa and his followers. We would not want to see public workers organized by such a group. Naturally we do not believe that a police force has the right to strike.

But there are valid reasons for joining a union, even when there is no right to strike. Unions are more than economic pressure groups. They have an important function in bargaining for working conditions and in handling grievances for their members. While there must be discipline in a police force, this does not preclude a fair and effective grievance procedure. This latter should not be left exclusively to the individual officer and his superiors.

One of the great reasons why unions were formed in this country was the prevailing autocracy in the nation's factories. Orders were peremptory and discipline was arbitrary. There was favoritism in the granting of promotions and choice assignments. No appeal was possible from layoffs or discharges. The correction of these evils was fully as important as wages and hours in spurring workers to organize.

A strong public-workers union, even though denied the right to strike, can mobilize public opinion for the correction of injustices. In New York City, for example, many public workers are forced to take two jobs in the effort to keep up their living standards. An underpaid policeman is far more likely to be tempted to accept graft than he would be if he received a living wage. These men need effective and independent spokesmen to present their case to the public.

We would go further and maintain that many public workers should have the same right to strike as workers in private industry. The principle behind prohibition of strikes should not be public versus private employment, but rather the essential nature of the service. It would be disastrous today were a city to lose electric service because of a strike. By contrast, a strike by public workers whose function was street repairing would hardly be a calamity. At most it would be an inconvenience.

It is unfortunate that we cannot find a substitute for the strike as a means of industrial protest. But the alternatives to the strike are not very acceptable. Compulsory arbitration of disputes may be chosen as a lesser evil in occupations providing an essential public service. But it is not accepted by either management or labor as a normal means of settling non-emergency disputes. This is so because it puts in the hands of an outsider the right to decide economic issues that may involve enormous costs to company or union.

It is wrong when labor or management forgets the public and its rights in any industrial dispute. But this wrong should not lead us to the equally false position of denying labor or management its rights to fight with all lawful means for its interests.

Views in Brief

Living With Facts. The population of the world increased last year by 47 million people. Providing enough to eat for everyone is easily the biggest problem facing humanity today. These are facts of gigantic importance. Restriction of births by contraceptives is not the answer. The potential of nuclear energy in boosting food production probably is. But hunger, misery, and poverty cry for a more fundamental solution. Those with full stomachs have got to build up a burning desire to help those with empty stomachs. And this involves more than just a theoretic appeal to these general principles. Each of us has the responsibility to help the world's suffering in some particular way. This is justice—not to mention that history is full of "have-nots" who killed the "haves."

Unity. The annual celebration of the Chair of Unity Octave is a reminder to us not only of the great good we can do for the Church by our prayers but also of the obligation we have to be concerned about the souls of others. The Chair of Unity Octave is an eight-day period of prayer observed annually from January 18, the feast of St. Peter's Chair in Rome, to January 25, the feast of St. Paul's Conversion. Its intention is the reunion of all Christendom and the conversion of unbelievers. It would be well if we learned from this annual observance to pray for this intention regularly during the year.

Whose World? It's interesting to observe which countries God chose to absorb the bulk of last year's increase of 47 million people. Nearly half the increase was in China (17 million) and India (six million), nations not particularly noted for their quantities of white people.

China's Communes. The 10,000-word resolution published on December 10 by the Central Committee of the Communist Party has put the brakes on reorganizing the country into people's communes. We will have to wait to see what is really behind this change. There is much in the resolution to suggest that it was decreed to pacify the fears of the Chinese people themselves. Perhaps, as the *Manchester Guardian* suggested, "the most important aspect of the Central Committee's retreat is not its ideological and political implications after all but its power to roll back a little from millions of human lives the cloud of misery that was overhanging them." The question is how little for how long.

Africa. The *London Economist* wrote recently: If a welter of racial antagonism and economic disruption . . . awaits the people of Africa and turns them at last away from the West, the judgment of history will record that men of European stock, Western culture, and Christian religion . . . could not be trusted with the fate of a vast, innocent, and defenseless continent." See, as an application, page fifty-one.

What! Lent Again? "I'll suffer in silence," said the man as he looked at the menu on Ash Wednesday and realized a lot of meatless lunches lay ahead. That's the type of heroism we like to see in the penitential season of Lent. The great thing about us Christians is that we take our religion really seriously. Christ suffered, so we suffer, too. We suffer not having that extra car like the guy down the street has. We suffer holidaying in Albuquerque instead of Acapulco. We suffer standing in line at the movies and the liquor store. We've got it tough and it's getting tougher.

THE MAN

beyond east and west



Dr. John C. Wu is equally at ease in Chinese garb at home or Western suit in Seton Hall University



PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE

A day with John C. Wu
reveals how he
discovered Christ as
the bridge between
East and West

by MILTON LOMASK

ELM TREES, STRAINING the morning sun, dropped a mixture of light and shade on the sidewalks of residential Reynolds Place on the northerly outskirts of Newark, New Jersey. When I asked a lad, mowing one of the lawns, for directions to Dr. Wu's house, he grinned. A dozen more steps, he said, would bring me to it.

It wasn't my first visit, but the others had been after sunset or by car with someone else driving. This was to be a special one. Dr. Wu had agreed to a day-long interview. In his low and rather hesitating voice, he had expressed himself as "honored" that *THE SIGN* should be interested in printing a story

about "a man of no merit" like himself.

If you haven't met the "merit-less" Dr. Wu through his autobiography *Beyond East and West* or one of his many other books, an introduction is in order.

John Ching-Hsiung Wu is a convert to Catholicism, a professor at the Law School of Seton Hall University, and a member of the permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague.

A dozen positions of international proportions have been his. He has been a judge, presiding over one of the highest courts of his native China. He has served China as a legislator and as a diplomat at the Vatican. He has taught comparative law in Shanghai and Chi-

nese philosophy at Harvard University.

Portions of his life exhibit the tension and clangor of a spy drama. Marooned in Hong Kong, shortly after its seizure by the Japanese during World War II, he was "invited" to the Hotel Hong Kong for a chat with the Japanese military authorities. They told him they wanted peace with his country and asked him how that could be achieved.

"There is no problem about it at all," was Wu's prompt reply. "Simply withdraw your troops from China."

The Japanese war lords were not impressed. Wu and a Chinese friend named Francis were given a room in the hotel and told to stay there.

At first they were treated handsomely and fed well. Then the food deteriorated and Francis voiced the conviction that they would soon be executed. "Well," said Wu, "the more hopeless we are, the more hopeful," which made Francis laugh.

A priest smuggled in some books, including a collection of prayers and Karl Adam's *Christ Our Brother*. Wu read and re-read them, underlining nearly every word. He and Francis turned the dresser into an altar and went through the motions of the Mass. Just when things looked most hopeless, they were suddenly released, bailed out by a British statesman.

During the war Wu translated the Psalms and the New Testament into Chinese. For a year he and his family lived and Wu worked in a little "pigsty" of a hut in a Chinese mountain village. The Wus were very poor during this period, "but happy," says Wu.

There was only one disadvantage. A fruit tree grew through the wall of their mountainside home. When there was a storm, the wind shook the tree and the tree shook the house. The day came when Wu could stand it no longer. Rushing into the hall, he lifted his crucifix and gave the elements a piece of his mind.

"In the name of Christ," he shouted, "I forbid you, O wind, to rage a minute longer! Don't you know that I am translating the Bible?"

Wu smiles wistfully, recalling this incident. "That was a very stubborn wind," he says. "It was fully ten minutes before it subsided."

Dr. Wu is a slender, handsome, olive-skinned man, five feet eight inches tall. When he is asked his age, he is amused at this occidental imperipence. Too polite to laugh, he contents himself with



Green tea is served by Wu's wife whom he calls "Little Sister." "Old-fashioned" Chinese, the Wus do not use each other's first names

a half-smile which suggests that so ephemeral a matter cannot be of any significance.

It isn't. One minute Wu is a venerable ancient, as old as the bustling industrial city of Ningpo on the river Yung, where he was born sixty years ago. The next minute he is a scamp of ten.

The scamp darts in and out of his conversation, producing bits of humor as elusive as the bubbles on the surface of a woodland stream. He is describing, for example, a meeting of the Pope and his Cardinals.

For a time Wu's words convey all the solemnity of a meeting of the ruling body of the Church. And then—

"One of the Cardinals," he says, "made a remark that touched the heart of the Pope. The Holy Father burst into tears. Whereupon the Dean of Cardinals wept; and then all the other Cardinals wept, each in his turn, according to protocol."

You may not leave the presence of Dr. Wu with your sides splitting with laughter. He isn't Bob Hope, after all. But sooner or later it dawns on you that you have met an Apostle of Joy, an ageless and charming man who, although he was received into the Catholic Church twenty-one years ago, is still kicking up his mental heels in quiet celebration of his conversion. Wu recalls one occasion when, suddenly overwhelmed anew at his good fortune in having found Christ, he hied himself to his bedroom to give vent to his feelings in a series of "clownish acrobatics" on the floor.

For the last eight years he has been lecturing on jurisprudence to Law seniors at Seton Hall. A visitor to his classroom describes him as sitting behind a

little desk on a platform, clothing his fluent thought in impeccable English.

Wu's students are mature men and women, most of whom hold full-time jobs. He says "they know far more law than I. I supply the theory. They supply the cases to illustrate it."

Wu's teaching schedule, four hours a week, permits him to devote most of his time to writing and lecturing. His next book *Jurisprudence: Cases and Materials* has taken four years of work. As written, it would have run 1400 pages. Wu's final job was to cut it in half.

"The publishers," he explains, "said that would make it more wieldy. It would appear that they do not hold in high regard the physical strength of American law students."

There is wit and wisdom in Wu's books and a spring-like clarity which brings even difficult subjects well within the ken of the general reader. *Beyond East and West* is not strictly an autobiography. It is rather a record of Wu's spiritual development, a book in the tradition of St. Augustine—in short, a confession of the author's love for God.

It is an endearing confession. One of the things that makes it so is that Wu seems untouched by modern psychology. Granted that Sigmund Freud has helped us understand and forgive one another, the fact remains that Freud and his scientific descendants are a pack of ill-joys. Their world view is a secular Protestantism with its mournful tendency to see a mean motive in every human impulse and a neurosis under every bed.

There is none of this in Wu. He is a pains to tell us that what he sought in marriage was a mother, and having

A frequent contributor to *The Sign*, MILTON LOMASK is a freelance journalist and author of several books in Farrar, Straus & Cudahy's Vision series.

found an excellent one he couldn't be more delighted.

En route to his classroom in the 1950 De Soto owned and driven by his son Francis, Wu wears a neat American business suit. At home his garb is Chinese: loose blouse and trousers and cloth slippers. Over these he throws a woolen robe for his daily trip to Mass and Communion in the chapel of Seton Hall.

That Wu should feel as at home in one garb as the other is symbolical. You are not with him long before you get the feeling that this brilliant Chinese convert, having found the "bridge" in Christ, has arrived within himself at that synthesis of East and West of which he so often speaks. He is as Chinese as temple bells, as American as the Rotary Club.

While at the Vatican in the late 1940's as China's minister plenipotentiary, Wu was invited by Msgr. (now Cardinal) Montini, the acting Secretary of State, to present his family to the Holy Father. During the audience, Monsignor Montini informed him, a photograph would be taken of the Pope with the Wus.

"Would it not be wise," Wu said, "to forget the photograph? It might give future diplomats an idea. The Holy Father is busy enough without being called on by every new diplomat to pose for a photograph with his family."

Msgr. Montini replied that there was nothing to worry about. "To cite this case as a precedent," he said, "every future diplomat must show evidence that, like yourself, he is the father of thirteen children."

Seven of the Wus' thirteen are mar-

ried and living in various parts of North America, Latin America, and Europe. Wu, his wife, and the remaining six live in a ten-room house on the fringes of Seton Hall's main campus.

It is a yellow house of Dutch Colonial design. Plastered to the window in the front door is a picture of Our Lord and one of Our Lady of Fatima, circled by the words "Pray the rosary for world peace."

Inside, the big, oblong living room is dotted with many other homely religious symbols, and a large picture of Pope Pius XII, with a citation to Wu, hangs near the front vestibule door.

At first glance the house seems to be built of books. Knee-high piles of them on the floor line the walls of the big dining room beyond. At the end of the living room a curtained alcove encloses a more or less formal library, presided over by a madly-singing parakeet.

We—Wu and I—walk and talk. The walking is Wu's idea. He has a way, when an idea strikes him, of leaping up and taking off in all directions. He does this even at lunch. Laying his chopsticks on the tablecloth, he springs up and moves away a few feet, his hands folded into the sleeves of his blouse. It is as though the physical action helped him to find the words for his thought.

Mrs. Wu joins us occasionally. She is a uniquely beautiful woman, and when she smiles, she smiles all over her face. She speaks no English, but she makes the guest at home in a universal language. At the lunch table she extends her wine glass with a bright lift of her head. The clink of our glasses and Mrs.

Wu's smile are "Welcome" in any tongue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wu do not address each other by their first names. This is customary among "old-fashioned Chinese."

Wu called his wife as "Ni Chia," meaning Little Sister. She caught his attention with a quick, sharp "Ah!"

"I myself can never speak of our Lord by His first name," Wu says. "It is always 'Christ.' I have other old-fashioned Chinese notions. We Chinese are a clothed people. The Chinese woman covers the whole of her person, and the higher in the scale a man is the more clothes he puts on. When I became a Christian, I had to get used to the barefooted figure on the crucifixion. To this day I prefer to see people fully clothed, especially women, whose attractiveness, it seems to me, increases to the degree that their bodies are covered."

Hopefulness and concern are intermingled in Wu's comments on the human condition. He finds the contemporary mind sick, "fragmented and trivialized." "Modern man," he wrote in *Fountain of Justice*, "by dismissing hell from his mind and losing the sense of sin, has made a hell of the world."

Not long ago Wu traveled to Rome to address the Second World Congress for the Lay Apostolate. The theme of his talk was one of several close to his heart. He discussed the advantages to world peace of attempts to fuse the roundabout and intuitive outlook of the Orient with the direct and practical outlook of the Occident—a fusion, said Wu, that can

(Continued on page 76)

The Wus' thirteen children, ranging from 16 to 40, have kept Chinese customs while embracing Western ways



From Satan to St. Francis

From time to time in *The Hour of St. Francis*, a weekly radio program which dramatizes a supernatural solution for a frustrated life, such diverse characters as a gangland gunman, a Korean war orphan, Satan, and even St. Francis himself find their way into the script. Chances are their lines will come through the versatile voice of a 51-year-old actor-announcer, Patrick Joseph McGeehan. In fact, McGeehan has been "the voice" on the skillful, 15-minute drama since it began its run in Los Angeles in 1945. In the interval, the program has grown from 40 station outlets to its current peak of 615 stations in the U.S., 45 in Canada, and 17 in Australia.

Often, McGeehan has found himself playing two or three roles in a single show. "Pat is more than

a talented actor," says Father Hugh Noonan, O.F.M., originator and producer of the program. "he's a pillar of strength in every dramatic requirement, and a cheerful spirit wholeheartedly spending himself for the apostolic purpose of the *Hour*." For his service, McGeehan recently received the annual Peace Award of the Third Order of St. Francis (previous recipients have been Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Richard J. Cardinal Cushing, and Ralph Bunche).

McGeehan's career has been almost as varied as the qualities in his voice: from circus barker and apprentice seaman in the early days to announcer for the Red Skelton and Art Linkletter shows. But helping to spread St. Francis' brotherly love has been his greatest satisfaction.



Pat and Bernice McGeehan and daughter, Mary, 5: "Fashioning from tears and laughter a deeper truth for life"



HARRIS & EWING

Sarah Weadick: a life devoted to helping aliens find security

A friend in need

Many an immigrant to the U.S. has had some of the bumps and jars that go with establishing a new life smoothed a little by an experienced and kindly traveler, Sarah Weadick, assistant director of the Department of Immigration, National Catholic Welfare Conference. Although her Washington office is besieged with technical problems involving such groups as the State Department, American consuls abroad, and foreign embassies in the U.S., Miss Weadick's job stated plain and simply is to protect the future of new immigrants. This is done by giving dioceses and parishes across the land information and a program for helping the newcomer on the local scene. Says Miss Weadick, who was awarded the *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* by Pope Pius XII for her achievements: "I have always found trying to untangle the problems of the foreign-born fascinating."

Her seasoning in these complexities was gained at Ellis Island from 1921-24, a period of constant emotional upheaval as thousands upon thousands of migrants landed at the Island only to find that the quota for their country had been used up for the month and they would have to be deported. Miss Weadick had just returned from Red Cross duty overseas during World War I to help NCWC start its immigration work. "It was pretty hectic trying to help aliens in those detention rooms," she recalls.

Through the years, her travels to Europe have brought out *raconteur* and *gourmet* qualities. Dinner at her apartment, say friends, is a rare treat.

The Church in Mexico is making great gains — despite the peculiar outlook of Mexican Catholics often criticized in the U.S.

"You'll love it," my friends said. I was spending a few days in Valle de Bravo, a quiet, end-of-the-road little town about 100 miles southwest of Mexico City. This particular evening we were sitting in the patio enjoying the tropical night and talking over the situation of the Church in Mexico. "It's not at all what Americans tend to think it is," they pointed out. In the course of the conversation it was suggested that I spend a few days with Father Jose Delgado in a nearby parish to get a firsthand view of things. "You'll love it," they repeated.

About five o'clock the next afternoon, we found ourselves knocking at the *casa parroquia* in the mountain village of Amanalco, in the diocese of Toluca. Father had gone off to see the bishop, the lady who answered the door informed us. But he would return shortly. We went out to wait in the big courtyard that surrounded the church. A variety of livestock and children wandered about, and a steady wave of American jazz (poor jazz in the first place and hopelessly incongruous in that place) floated up from a tavern across the narrow street. An occasional native, slightly the worse for *pulque*, passed by for a handout. It had been a spectacularly scenic drive to Amanalco. But the village itself looked like a lost cause. As we sat in the lengthening shadows smoking cigarettes and trying to make conversation, my enthusiasm for an adventure that had sounded good the night before was waning rapidly, and I secretly hoped the priest would be unexpectedly delayed.

But at 6:30 P.M. he drove up in his jeep. He was a surprisingly young man with a quick, warm smile which contrasted oddly with the somber surroundings. He would be delighted to have a *padre Americano* stay with him for a few days. "*Mucho trabajo*," he joked as we shook hands. "much work." That night we talked late and I began to see that whatever else his pastoral work might be it was clearly no joking matter. His territory comprised 14 missions and a total of some 14,000 parishioners. "It takes me most of my time to get around with the sacraments," Father Delgado said.

Each morning, after saying Mass in the parish church, he sets out by mule to one of his missions (none of which is

accessible by road). On my last morning there, he saddled up an extra animal and I went along. It was an arduous, two-hour trek over a rough mountain trail. About nine o'clock, with the sun already high in the sky, we cut sharply around a precipice and looked down upon San Matteo's, standing in lonely splendor in the middle of a corn patch. An Indian who had been on the alert set off a couple of resounding firecrackers to let the parishioners know that the *padre* had arrived. It was obviously an event for them. They came streaming down the mountainsides and out of the small, rocky cornfields to fill the church. Father Delgado heard confessions, offered Mass, preached, baptized several children, officiated at a wedding, and held catechism class before he could relax over tortillas and chat with the people.

When we got back to the *parroquia* in the afternoon, I felt I had some concrete insight into Catholic life in Mexico—which is nothing very intellectual, overly-organized, or rigidly moralistic, but, nevertheless, is rooted in the elemental virtues of loyalty, sincerity, and impressively real dedication. The reverence the Mexicans have for their priests is hard to match in other parts of the world. With accidental differences, Father Delgado is typical of the country clergy who serve the majority of the Mexican people. "They are," a bishop said, "the backbone of the country."

In this bond of solidarity between priest and people, we can detect a primary feature of Mexican Catholicism. It is the generator, the fertile soil bed for the more developed expressions of Catholic vitality becoming more numerous in Mexico today. In a sense this is a new phenomenon and to a great extent the result of the revolution (which began in 1910) and the ensuing persecutions through the Obregon-Calles-Camacho regimes.

"The persecution did a lot of good," a Jesuit professor at the National University related. "It almost completely did away with anticlericalism and launched a number of new and creative forces in Catholic life here. The political situation is not nearly so bad as some would make it out to be. The government recently has taken a greater interest in social problems and, I think,



The Mexican's passionate soul finds joy in the symbolism of the Liturgy

secretly admires what Catholics are doing in the field. For the most part they leave us alone. We have to be very prudent, though."

What are some of the "new and creative forces" in Mexican Catholic life? To be noted:

►A flourishing Benedictine monastery in the diocese of Cuernavaca. It is one of the very few contemplative houses in Latin America and an important center of the liturgical movement as well as the apostolate of the press. "It's been a hard struggle," the director told me when I visited him, "but the country is ready for us now."

►More than 600,000 young people federated in a vast, country-wide network of Catholic Action movements. Sophia de Valle, a zealous, forward-looking survivor of the underground days, has been chiefly responsible for progress on this front.

►Mass attendance is up and increasing all the time, (although many are not regular churchgoers).

►There is a lamentable shortage of priests, but swelling ranks of seminarians promise great hope for the future. The foreign mission seminary in suburban Mexico City (under the direction of American-raised, Maryknoll-trained

THE PUZZLING DRAMA OF MEXICAN CATHOLICS

BY BERNARD MURCHLAND, C.S.C.



Clean and simple lines of La Purísima Church in Monterrey produce an exciting and highly individualistic character

Bishop Alfonso Escalante) with alumni in Japan and Bolivia is exceptional.

►A notable revival of religious art (and in this respect Mexico seems to be more advanced than America). Throughout Mexico City and in many other parts of the country, churches are being built with clean, simple lines and concrete parabolas sometimes as exciting as those of the Romanesque. Just as the combination of Indian craftsmen with Spanish architects, beginning with the Conquest, produced an entirely indigenous church architecture, so today's modern Mexican churches have a highly individualistic quality.

►The lay mission field in Bacalar, in the southeast corner of Yucatan and a training school for lay missionaries in Guadalajara, second largest city.

►The emergence of an elite who are anxiously concerned with the challenges that face them as Catholics and citizens. Seventy per cent of Mexico's young writers are practicing Catholics.

These are some manifestations of Catholic vitality in Mexico (which are reflected in the recent naming of the country's first Cardinal, Archbishop Jose y Rivera of Guadalajara). From what I was able to learn in five weeks in Mexico, there are at least two other characteristics of even greater importance.

The first is the *Secretariado Social Mexicano* which was founded in 1920 by the Mexican Bishops as the official arm of the Church in the field of social action. It is important here to recall some of the deep differences that exist between American and Mexican Catholics. In the U.S., Catholics are a minority, but operate freely under a tolerantly Christian government. Thus, they have their own labor schools, newspapers, schools, charities, and other social institutions. The Mexican Catholics are a majority—the country is, at least nominally, 98 per cent Catholic—but they operate under the surveillance (traditionally pretty tight) of a government that has for the most part been secularist and anticlerical. In the U.S. it is up to the Catholic to prove himself—that is, to show that he is a "good American." In Mexico, the Catholic is not expected to prove anything other than his conformity to party strictures. Whereas the situation in the U.S. produced a conquering dynamism among Catholics, it resulted in apathy and indifference in Mexico.

The Constitution of 1917 strictly prohibited the Church from taking part in any form of social, political or educational action. Until 1940 the work of the *Secretariado* was severely paralyzed. Since then it has taken advantage of governmental tolerance to work—at first

clandestinely and then more openly—in the fields of labor relations, rural life, hygiene, scientific farming, education, and so forth. Consequently, there has been a considerable (and altogether admirable) resurgence of social action in the Mexican Church in recent years.

I spent some time with Father Pedro Velasquez who heads the *Secretariado*. "We have quite a job here," he began. "We are supposed to be a documentation center, diffuse the Church's social teaching, promote social work, be a liaison between the different organizations, organize study clubs, publish books, keep public relations balanced, set up new groups, figure out new programs, but," he raised his arms in a gesture that indicated some kind of infinity, "why go on?"

I asked him what the central problem of the Church in Mexico was as he saw it. "It is," he answered with the air of one who had thought about it a good deal, "to find and train lay apostles and leaders for this work of carrying out the papal encyclicals."

The second fundamental characteristic of the Church in Mexico is devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe. It is impossible to overestimate her presence in the lives of the Mexican people. No revolution has ever succeeded in erasing it and probably none ever will. The Virgin is the land's first hostess and she is also the first on hand to greet the visitor. She is enshrined in taxis, buses, department stores, and homes. Her image is chalked against the hillsides, woven into the matadors' costumes and invoked in all public fiestas. Almost all writers who have dealt with the culture and problems of Mexico, of whatever religious or economic persuasion, are agreed that the one factor which has created and preserved Mexico as a nation has been the apparition of, and veneration to, Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Speaking of the National Shrine on the northeastern edge of Mexico City, F.S.C. Northrop (in *The Meeting of East and West*) could not have been too far wrong when he wrote: "Nothing to be seen in Canada or Europe equals it in the volume or the vitality of its moving quality or in the depth of its spirit of religious devotion."

One of the most startling aspects of Mexican Catholicism is its difference. The American visitor notes this immediately but is apt to make hasty judgments without perceiving the depth that may not be apparent at first sight. The

Mexican, like most Latin Americans, does not envisage life as we do. Consequently, his attitudes, customs, and aspirations are different. This is true in a religious context as well as in a social one. He is not impressed with organizational superiority; morality appears to him to be the lesser part of religion; and he more often than not ranks intelligence over virtue. This mentality is not necessarily to be approved. But it should not be used as an excuse to censure the Mexican's whole religious outlook as it frequently is in the U.S.

The dramatic symbolism of the liturgy appeals deeply to the Mexican and is a part of his life to an extent rarely comprehended by the outsider. Because of this he accepts the mysterious, uncharted regions between the natural and the supernatural with greater docility than one trained to a more rationalistic view of religion. Within and beyond the trappings of superstition, there is a hard core of authentic religious awareness. It is precisely because he is more passionate than calculating that the Mexican can assess life and religion in a manner that bewilders the stranger. He takes shortcuts, makes quick, intuitive leaps, and prefers the direct rewards of simplicity over skill in clear-cut arguments. This is at least a partial explanation of why, for example, he attaches profound importance to the sacrament of Baptism but considers Matrimony little more than a formality; or to take another example, why he treasures dearly human ties but easily ignores his responsibility in matters of social justice.

While such attitudes are quite impossible to reconcile with an authentic Catholic outlook, it must, nevertheless, be recognized that the spontaneity of the Mexican's quick mind and passionate soul summon forth the highest qualities of a human being. In the matter of friendship, no sacrifice can be counted too great, no loyalty is more touching, no devotion is more lasting. It is this deep quality of loyalty and sincerity to what they love that, in the final analysis, provides the human explanation for the Mexican people's centuries-old fidelity to the Church. Circumstances of history have obliged them to sort their values into those that are fundamental and those than can on occasion be dispensed with. They are often impossibly puzzling in their manner of determining what is to be dispensed with. But they are always recognizable by the values they never tamper with. Their peculiar fidelity is, and it would hardly be argued, a quality that reinforces their faith with astonishing resources and perseverance.

How does the Church in Mexico face
(Continued on page 75)

Co-editor of *Apostolic Perspectives*, a review of the lay apostolate, FATHER BERNARD MURCHLAND C.S.C. journeyed through Mexico last summer.

THE PASSION AND THE SAINT



Saints are not born. They are fashioned on the cross

*Saints are special friends
of God because in their own
lives they resemble
the Crucified Son of God*

by **NORBERT HERMAN,**
C. P.

WHEN CHRIST DIED on the cross, He did not die for a select race, or for a preferred racial color, or for one nation. He died for all without exception. This does not mean, however, that God loves all men and women equally. Not at all. God has His preferences. God loves best to whom He has given most. God loves most him who is best. There is a direct proportion between the love God pours into a soul and the consequent holiness that soul enjoys because of heroic response to God's love. Human sanctity, in its most basic form, is but the love of God

received by a human person. Perfect human sanctity is but the love of God received in full measure, according to the capacity of the person receiving it.

God, then, has His favorites, because all men and women do not share equally in His love. Divine preferences, however, are not like human preferences. In choosing someone for a friend, men often risk slighting many a more worthy person. There are those who single out one person only to ignore others. All too often, small-minded people will discriminate, become intolerant, and confine their interests to pleasing only the

members of their own restricted circle. God does not act in this way. If He favors one person, He does not thereby lose interest in millions of other persons He has created. If He grants singular honors and privileges to some, He does not thereby slight or ignore others. God has a definite eternal plan in mind regarding the human race and every member of it.

Now, who are God's closest friends? Naturally, the saints. That is to say, all those who share in the divine life and love of God through the mystery of grace. But there are saints and saints. There are those, both canonized and uncanonized friends of God, who are now enjoying the beatific vision in heaven. These are the saints who now form the ranks of the Church Triumphant in heaven.

But there are saints, too, among the Church Militant, men and women enjoying the friendship of God through supernatural grace but during this probationary period of trial on earth. There is, however, a startling difference between the status of the saints in heaven and that of the saints on earth. God's friends in heaven are now confirmed in His grace; they can never lose their supernatural dignity as children and friends of God. Neither temptation nor sin, complaints nor discouragement—nothing can ever interfere with their eternal happiness in God. Nothing can deform them into His enemies. They are His friends for all eternity.

But holiness on earth is not possessed so securely. As long as man is mortal, as long as he is subject to temptation, as long as he can still merit, as long as he walks upon the road that leads to eternity, striving to reach God—just so long is he in a precarious state, able to lose, in a moment of grievous sin, all that God has so nobly and generously wrought in his soul.

That is why, even though we are permitted to recognize virtue in persons still living and to respect and reverence them for this virtue, nevertheless we cannot append to them the official title of "saint." The Church gives this title officially only to those who have passed into eternity after a life of supernatural heroism on earth. Canonization is not an award, like a coveted degree, which a man enjoys here on earth. It is a post-mortem recognition of a heroic life. It belongs to the Church to declare officially that certain men and women are now with God in heaven. For God's greater honor and glory and for the edification of the Church militant, she singles out certain persons whose heroic life's work, whether hidden or public, has left a vivid impression upon contemporary and subsequent society.

When we read the life-stories of the great saints, whether canonized or not, particularly their autobiographies, we are inclined, at times, to justify our own mediocrity in comparison with their generous courage, by concluding that somehow they were different. Maybe they never suffered any temptation; perhaps that is why they were so faultlessly holy. Maybe they were made of sterner stuff than ourselves, right from the very start of their life. Maybe their human nature was sanctified before they were born, and thus God protected them from all sin, even despite themselves. Maybe they lived their span of years walking on a cloud, never knowing what we poor mortals must endure, tempted and discouraged as we are.

The truth of the matter is this: saints are not born saints. (We do not speak here of Christ and Our Lady.) Saints had to be washed of all stain of original sin through baptism. Like ourselves, they incurred the wounds of original sin: ignorance, concupiscence, a tendency of the passions to rebel against reason. True enough, God gave them great graces, but these had to be heroically accepted. God did His part to declare to them His

• He who loves liberty loves other men, but he who loves power loves only himself.—*Irish Digest*

great friendship. God helped them to become saints. But they were not dispensed from co-operating with God in the work of their personal holiness.

The saints, then, were subjected to the same temptations as we are. They experienced the same rebellion of the flesh against the spirit as disturbs us. They knew moments of discouragement, of frustration, of hardship, even of heavy sorrow and crushing persecution. The trials of many of the saints make our own look like a child's holiday. But where we are inclined to rebel, the saints pleaded to God for extra strength. Where we display cowardice, the saints displayed heroism. Where we become smug in our complacency, the saints would be energetic and dynamic in their zeal. In those circumstances where we escape from the cross, the saints would rush to embrace it. Particularly in the great mystery of Christ's Passion and death, the saints were stirred on by the heroic example of Christ. In His sufferings did they seek both the strength to be made conformable to the Man of Sorrows and the grace to be made more and more worthy of the merciful love of the Son of God.

The human mind will never fathom the great love of God the Father for

His Divine Son, Our Blessed Lord. Yet that divine, fatherly love for a son never lessened in the least degree after the Word assumed a human nature. This, indeed, is a great mystery for us to try to reconcile—the apparent, human contradiction of a father loving his son and still willing his sufferings and death. But God's mind is not plagued with real or apparent contradictions as ours is. He saw the perfect reasonableness, according to His plans for the redemption and sanctification of mankind, both to will and to accept the sacrificial offering of Christ's Passion and death. In that terrible tragedy of an innocent man being hounded and condemned as a notorious criminal, God the Father saw the final triumph of good over evil, of the Son of God over Satan, of divine love over human hate, of God's generous mercy over the limitation and defects of that which the enemies of Christ unconsciously regarded as rigorous justice.

The life of every saint is a sharing in this perpetual mystery of God's love for His favored friends, the saints. For no one can approach God to enter into eternal glory, unless he too, like Christ, can show the gash of the scourge, the mark of the crown of thorns, the bruise of the defiant fist, the wounds of the crucifixion. This resemblance to the Christ of the Passion may not be a physical one. None the less, it must be psychologically and spiritually real. A man becomes a saint not by accepting merely one preferential, fragmentary part of Christ's example and life's teachings, but by accepting Him completely. That entire dedication of a man's life to Christ helps him to walk with Mary, John, and Magdalene even to the foot of the cross.

For saints are saints, not because they are spared the ordeal of suffering, but because they willingly accept in their own life and death the continuing mystery of the Passion and death of Christ. In offering to God the hardships and sorrows of life, heroically borne in the name of Christ Crucified, they become effective witnesses of the enduring mystery of His Cross and Passion. They assure themselves of the glory and the crown which will follow upon the ignominy and the Cross. Imitating the Christ of the Passion, they become, more and more, the special friends of God. Thus they prove to the world that there is no contradiction in the mystery of God's love, which can will human suffering according to the divine purpose. For the divine end of every man's passion and death is to give honor and glory to God, to merit the joy of heaven, and, here and now, to help wash an unclean world of the heavy stain of its guilt.

UNESCO's GIFTED BOSS

by ROBERT RIGBY



UNESCO

A vigorous Italian Catholic leader,
Vittorino Veronese, is now directing
the U.N.'s complex agency
which works to better man's lot. Peace
through understanding is his goal

FOR AN INTERNATIONAL conference it was a phenomenon as rare as a Gromyko smile. But there was no doubt about it: Soviet-bloc delegates were maneuvering desperately—and openly—to get an American re-elected to a high United Nations post.

The date was last Nov. 22. The scene was the assembly room of a boldly modernistic, glass-and-concrete building in Paris—the new, \$9-million headquarters of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. The order of the day was the election of UNESCO's fourth Director-General for a term of six years.

Soviet delegates, let it be said, were not voting so much for their candidate, outgoing Director-General Luther H. Evans, as against another candidate. This was a blue-eyed, 48-year-old Italian, supported by most delegations, including the U.S., and eventually elected by a 55-20 vote (with four abstentions). His name: Vittorino Veronese.

On the basis of personality alone, Veronese would probably have won the election without a single vote cast

against him. Stocky, slightly stooped, with a ready smile and open manner, he has been a popular figure in Italy's UNESCO delegation since 1948. He is a man of wide culture, has a quick, well-stocked mind and is fluent in French, Spanish, and English besides his native Italian. Brisk but courteous, he is blessed with unusual energy and executive ability, having carved out simultaneous careers as a lawyer, banker, editor, and educator. Last but not least, he had proved himself in recent years a skillful and fair-minded chairman (unanimously elected) of UNESCO's controlling Executive Council, which meets two months yearly in Paris.

But when it came to the post of Director-General, Veronese, for all his personal charm and ability, had one black mark against him—if only in Soviet eyes. He is, and always has been, an ardent Catholic, the militant leader in many of the Church's lay organizations.

The record of Veronese's past and present activities as a layman reads like the combined *Who's Who* entries of three or four outstanding Catholics. While still in his 20's, he was named

Central Secretary of the staunchly anti-Fascist "Catholic Movement of University Graduates." Its guiding spirit and national chaplain then, Msgr. Giovanni (now Cardinal) Montini, has had a great influence on Veronese's career and is a close personal friend—he officiated at Veronese's marriage and baptized two of the seven Veronese children.

When a democratic Italy arose from the ruins of World War II, Veronese, despite his youth (only 34), was tapped for the key job of President of Italian Catholic Action. Closely linked with Premier Alcide de Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party, Catholic Action played an important role under Veronese's leadership in keeping Italy's Communists out of the government.

As if this were not enough for one man's time and energy, he also taught sociology at the Catholic "Ateneo Angelicum" University in Rome, headed the Catholic Institute of Social Work, the Pius XII Foundation for the International Lay Apostolate (personally selected for this post by the late Pope), edited the magazine *Studium*, and lectured widely.

This was the man whom Soviet-bloc members of UNESCO were not too keen to see at the head of the organization. But for the vast majority of UNESCO's 81 members, Veronese's militant Catholic background was not considered a hindrance to his carrying out the duties of chief executive officer with fairness. This fact in itself marks a noteworthy turning point, a new maturity, in UNESCO's evolution.



Veronese succeeds Dr. Luther Evans (right), former librarian of U.S. Congress, responsible for UNESCO's new building in Paris

Formed in 1946 by 44 nations meeting in London, UNESCO set itself a lofty and noble goal. If the United Nations' goal was to resolve conflicts between countries by peaceful means, UNESCO's own goal, it was decided, was to prevent such conflicts from coming into being in the first place.

"Since wars begin in the minds of men," declared the preamble to its Constitution, "then it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed."

To move toward this goal, the organization's founders drew up a blueprint calling for "collaboration among the nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law, and for the human rights and fundamental freedoms . . . of the Charter of the United Nations."

A first task was to take a leading hand in repairing the ravages of World War II to thousands of libraries and schools in Europe and Asia. The situation was tragic: Poland, for example, had not a single public library left standing and hardly a book left unburned. Together with other agencies, UNESCO distributed millions of books and tons of school equipment to needy countries.

But soon the organization was collecting more brickbats than kudos for its other activities. Critics claimed that UNESCO was trying to swarm all over the cultural map, cranking out an endless flow of reports and studies, some

of them about as useful (or interesting) as a pedant's treatise on the three-tine fork. The organization, they said, was too inclined to measure its worth and usefulness in terms of tons of printed matter turned out each year.

An even stronger criticism, especially among Catholics, concerned the peculiar tinge given some of UNESCO's educational pamphlets and exhibits. These were notably rationalistic or agnostic,

tending to tone down, if not ignore completely, the Divine origin of man.

This, argued some UNESCO officials at the time, was inevitable in an organization that was not only multinational but also an amalgam of many political strains and religious beliefs—Christian, Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, and others. But such an argument was full of loop-holes: to impose an agnostic line on UNESCO's publications was certainly not the same as maintaining strict neutrality in matters of religion.

This fact was repeatedly stressed by the Holy See's first Observer to UNESCO (and also Papal Nuncio to France), Angelo Cardinal Roncalli, today Pope John XXIII. "UNESCO wishes to be a great school of tolerance and mutual respect," he said on one occasion, "but as such it must be neither blind nor deaf before the fundamental values of every people's psychology, their sense of nationality and their religious spirit."

For Vittorino Veronese, as UNESCO's new chief, there is no doubt about the path he must follow. "An organization like ours," he declared in his acceptance speech, "must strive to maintain a strict and dispassionate neutrality toward philosophies, systems, political beliefs and religions. . . . Our role is *not* to put an end to the complexity of reality but rather to come to grips with that complexity. We must draw opposing forces into a common movement toward a goal beyond and above all oppositions."

Under Veronese's predecessor, Luther Evans, onetime Librarian of the U.S. Congress, UNESCO recaptured much of its lost prestige. Instead of multiplying the number of reports and publications, it concentrated a growing proportion of its budget (now running at the two-year rate of \$26 million) on priority needs in key fields. This resulted in three major long-term programs:

► An all-out campaign to reduce illiteracy in Latin America, where much of the adult population cannot read or write, where 17 million children do not attend school. UNESCO's aim: putting every Latin American child in school within the next decade.

► A technical project to improve living conditions in sixteen countries lying in the "dry belt" extending from North Africa into Southeast Asia.

► An education program to promote the understanding of Eastern and Western cultures through the exchange of ideas, information, literature, art, and students.

Besides this, UNESCO can today point with pride to innumerable other projects of a highly practical character the world over—running 300 schools in the Middle East for 100,000 Arab refugee children; directing basic education centers and rural teacher-training schools in the new countries of Asia and Africa; teaching Javanese farmers how to irrigate paddy fields more efficiently; aiding Peruvian farmers in arid regions in the search for water; sending out library buses to isolated communities; dispatching art experts as agents of a "cultural Red Cross" in restoring irreplaceable art works threatened with ruin; holding regional scientific conferences; building a European Nuclear Research Center.

These projects, and many others, are often too little known in the advanced nations of the West. But in the underdeveloped, new countries of the world, UNESCO's work is both well known and keenly appreciated.

Whenever possible, these nations have shown a willingness to pay the entire bill for the project, or at least a part of it.

To the heavy task of overseeing UNESCO's manifold activities, its 300 field experts and 1,000 employees at the Paris headquarters, Vittorino Veronese brings a wealth of experience and enthusiasm. His years as a delegate and as Chairman of the Executive Council have given him a close knowledge of the organization's inner workings.

By common agreement of his associ-

A free-lance journalist, ROBERT RIGBY regularly reports on the European scene for THE SIGN.

ates. Veronese has a remarkable gift for summarization. He can cut through a clotted mass of verbiage in someone's written or oral report, extract the kernel and summarize it neatly—and without giving offense to the author. Moreover, he has a useful knack of keeping his train of thought despite any number of interruptions. When talking to a visitor, for example, Veronese can be interrupted by a long phone call, give a decision on some important matter, and then, five or ten minutes later, resume his conversation with the visitor at the exact spot where he'd been interrupted.

This gift for concentration showed itself early in Veronese's life. Born in 1908 in the North Italian town of Vicenza, not far from Venice, his family background was simple. His father was chief technician for the local electric works; his mother a schoolteacher.

The family was deeply religious and serious about the value of education. Vittorino, the elder son of two, was taught to read at four by his mother, and entered school two years in advance of other boys his age. Though never much interested in games, he was always near the top of his class.

As a bright student, young Veronese was able to study at a university, thanks to a scholarship offered by the local Congregation of Charity. At the University of Padua he studied law and began his long association with FUCI (the initials standing for the "Catholic Movement of University Graduates"). Its purpose: to keep alive the Christian ideals of man's dignity and freedom in Mussolini's totalitarian regime.

With a law degree in his hand at the early age of 20, Veronese entered a firm in Vicenza. He continued his activity in FUCI and spent much of his slender income in traveling to Rome for Catholic congresses. His energy and gifts as a spirited orator caught the attention of Msgr. Montini and other Church leaders. In 1939 Veronese was named Central Secretary of the organization.

The same year, while attending a Catholic Action congress in the capital, he met a pretty fellow-militant, Maria Petrarca, a descendant of Italy's great fourteenth-century poet. Married soon afterward, they settled down in Vicenza.

When the war broke out, Veronese was called into the army, then discharged some months later due to a chronic case of arthritis. Though known for his anti-Fascist sympathies, he was nonetheless left at liberty because of his close ties with the Vatican. Then, in September, 1943, came the turning point in his career.

Allied troops had invaded Sicily two months before. Mussolini had been overthrown; Marshal Pietro Badoglio, head of a provisional government, signed a peace treaty with the Allies. This development infuriated the Nazi military command in Italy, which sent out orders to seize all anti-Fascist Italian leaders, including the heads of Catholic resistance groups.

Veronese, who was in Venice at the time, luckily managed to slip out of the city under cover of night and go into hiding in the countryside. Soon called to Rome, he was immediately named Secretary-General of Italian Catholic Action, then its President. It

was a signal honor for a man still in his early 30's.

His vigorous opposition to Communist maneuvers in postwar Italy and his administrative flair soon caught the eye of Premier de Gasperi who appointed him to the high banking post of President of the Central Institute of Credit. In the years that followed, Veronese shouldered other responsible jobs—delegate to UNESCO, chairman of many inter-European committees—and yet he still managed to take an active part in new Catholic lay organizations.

All this left him less time than he would have liked for his seven "hobbies"—his children, Maria Laura 18, Francesca 17, Paolo 15, Gianluca 14, Alberto 12, Lucia 9, and Pietro 6. In Rome the family lives in a comfortable but unpretentious apartment on Monte Mario, not far from the Vatican.

Though an important bank director, Veronese insists on driving around Rome in a midget Fiat. For relaxation he enjoys reading and listening to classical music, especially the works of eighteenth-century Italian composers. On Sunday afternoons, the whole family is likely to take long walks through the capital. Vacations are often spent in Northern Italy, where father and four sons can take rambles together in the mountains.

As UNESCO's Director-General (salary: \$20,000 tax-free, plus \$8,000 in expense allowances), Veronese will have little time for vacations. He will be expected to take long trips to inspect UNESCO's far-flung projects at first hand, preside at endless committee meetings and assemblies. Moreover, since the Director-General is accorded the rank of full ambassador in the Paris diplomatic corps, he will have to attend many official functions.

For a man with a taste for simplicity and a close family life, these official demands are bound to be a burden. But Veronese can be expected to accept this cheerfully. His entire career has been dedicated to bringing the Christian ideal of brotherhood into the everyday life of men. And he is utterly convinced that this same ideal of the brotherhood of man lies at the very heart of UNESCO's mission.

"Every Catholic," he says, "can feel perfectly at home in the work of UNESCO. Its goals do not conflict in any way with our faith. For in the final analysis, UNESCO is working for peace by working for understanding among mankind."

Few who know him doubt that Vittorino Veronese will leave an outstanding mark as a fighter for peace through understanding.

Veronese and his family: there will be less time now for their long walks in the country

UNESCO—BABLIN



ONE AND ONLY HIALEAH

by RED SMITH

Tourists love it, but the
flamingos get the imported shrimp



The palm trees are clipped at Florida's leading bridle path to keep coconuts from bouncing off customers' heads

UPI

This is the season of frustration in the celebrated poultry preserve, cavalry post, and sanctuary for sunburned horse degenerates which is known as Hialeah Park. To be sure, frustration is the natural and practically permanent state of horse players at any race course in any season, but the management of Florida's florid gambling hell likes to go all the way. Not content merely to clip the customers, Hialeah gives the same treatment to the palm trees which shade its clients' skulls and the pink flamingos which gladden their eyes.

Hialeah Park is a tract of real estate on the northwestern fringe of Miami, populated by waterfowl, tourists, horses, a few Seminoles in season, and an occasional alligator, studded with coconut palms and enclosed by a hedge of Australian pine.

Each year when a new brood of flamingos is hatched, birdherds swoop down upon the defenseless young and clip their wings to discourage defections from the infield lagoon where management thinks they belong.

Each winter when the race meeting is about to open, steeplejacks scale the palms and carefully prune away the coconuts which the trees have been working all year to produce. This is a safety measure to avert the danger of a vagrant breeze loosening one of these shellfruit and dropping it on the skull of a visitor from Keokuk. Horse players brain easily, and Hialeah wants its patrons at the mutuel windows, not in the first-aid room.

Among playgrounds where Americans disport themselves, Hialeah enjoys a rather special position, if not a unique one. It is Florida's leading bridle path, solacing the horse player's winter of discontent. Racing is a constantly expanding industry; in the last several winters, Bowie has operated in the snow-carpeted thickets of Maryland. For many years, though, winter offered only

two alternatives to the northern horse player: flight to Florida or a barren eternity at home squandering his wages on rent, bread, and clothing for the children.

There was winter racing in those days in New Orleans and Southern California, but these points seemed far from the populous and frozen Northeast. Miami was a mere 1,300 miles down Highway 1, and anybody knows a horse player will crawl that far over broken bottles to find a tote board.

The late Joseph E. Widener was determined from Hialeah's beginning that this track would be something special and different. From Australia he imported an Australian totalizator, not the electrical tote common at mutuel tracks today, but a mechanical monster that very nearly defies description.

It came knocked down in hundreds of crates, and an Australian named Robert Louis Stevenson had to come along to assemble it and then stay on for years to keep it running. Set up, it filled a vast area under the grandstand. It consisted of cogs and gears and bicycle sprockets and pulleys and pieces of string and counterweights and gadgets and gimmicks and gismos and gavelocks and donkeys.

Joe Palmer, the great racing writer, watched it work and then strode through the paddock offering seven to two that it could be taught to swim into the infield lake and bring back sticks. Standing in the clubhouse paddock area, connected by some mysterious means with the marvel beneath the stands, was a huge and wonderful odds board, as imposing as a cathedral and as undecipherable as the Dead Sea Scrolls.

In those days, all the world was at peace except for Japan and China, who were running a minor-league war of their own.

"Y'know, Joe," a friend named Francis Patrick Dunne remarked to Mr. Widener, "I've been wondering about the wisdom of taking sides in this Sino-Japanese thing. Officially, I mean. We're all entitled to our views, and on the whole I think I agree with yours. But after all, Hialeah is a sport center, not a political forum, and it seems to me you're leaving yourself wide open when you let your track violate our national policy of neutrality."

"What," Mr. Widener demanded, "are you talking about?"

"That ruddy Chinese odds board of yours," Mr. Dunne said.

That's how Hialeah was, right from early times. Different.

It was Joe Widener who brought in the flamingos. These birds are immigrants to Florida, but it didn't take them

long to catch onto local customs. The way they managed their love life is a fair example.

Seen from a distance, flamingos are handsome creatures, wearing a two-tone paint job of pink and gleaming black like the new cars. Close at hand they're something else again, with legs like a basketball player, long, scrawny necks, and features so ugly they can't stand the sight of themselves or each other.

This creates problems in the mating season, but never underestimate the power of the female of any species. When a girl flamingo is looking for a date, she simply sticks her head under water, concealing her face, and wades about the lagoon switching her hips and blushing pinkly like a strip-dancer in the patrol wagon. Sooner or later a boy flamingo sets out in raucous pursuit.

Precisely the same technique has been noted on the beach across Biscayne Bay. When a lady there gets to hungering for romance, she conceals her face under pancake makeup instead of water, slips a rented mink on over her swimsuit, and parades past the cabanas at the Eden Roc or Americana.

On the whole, though, the flamingos live better than the tourists. Hialeah feeds its flamboyant poultry on shrimp imported by the barrel from Louisiana. Hialeah's customers rough it on native Florida shrimp. They wear the barrels home after the last race.

History is vague on the question of who injected the Seminoles into the Hialeah picture. It was, at any rate, a good many years back when management started drafting a tribe of these colorful aborigines to festoon the infield on special occasions, such as the days featured by the Widener Handicap and the Flamingo Stakes.

These races are the track's biggest annual shows and they help Hialeah hold its position as a headline sports center. With most of the rich and important stables concentrated in the East, Florida gets a major share of the top horses in winter. Thus the Widener gives the stars of the handicap division their first chance of the year to go for \$100,000, and the Flamingo is the first major test of the new three-year-olds, helping to establish form for the Kentucky Derby and subsequent classics.

The Seminoles, of course, have been around longer than the horses. In 1513 Ponce de Leon chased them out of the Roney Plaza into the Everglades, where they got wet feet and an abiding hatred for palefaces. For a while they had a shooting war with United States forces, but this conflict came to nothing and the Indians turned to other forms of reprisal. Now they work as attendants

in Miami parking lots and wreak a horrible vengeance on the fenders of palefaces.

In their spare time, they shape up in their tribal bathrobes on big days at Hialeah and trudge up and down the turf course in Indian file, entertaining tourists. Everybody was quite happy with the arrangement until about ten years ago when the aborigines called a strike.

They wanted more money and they wanted mutuel windows in the infield. Joe Palmer urged track officials to comply, pointing out that these two demands would tend to neutralize each other, but management was adamant and for one year the Seminoles were missing. Finally a package deal was arranged: Chief Willie Osceola agreed to deliver his tribe to ride Hialeah's float in the Orange Bowl parade on New Year's Day and to clutter up the turf course on Widener Day and Flamingo Day, all for one price. Warfare was averted, and the Hialeah picture became complete.

That's about all there is to say about Hialeah, except that it is a pleasant place to be at this time of year. Usually the sun shines, and the personnel is trained to be kind to tourists. It's the sort of place where a dear old schoolmarm might safely go on vacation, as indeed many have.

"Pardon me, young man," one dear old schoolmarm said to a Pinkerton guard at Hialeah, "will you tell me what's meant by the daily double?"

"Well, lady," said the Pink, "it's like this way. You pick a horse, say number five, in the first race, and you pick another, say like number six, in the second. You bet the two of 'em and it only costs you two bucks."

"Well, if number five loses the first, you're washed up, see? But if he wins, then you get a chance still going in the second. If number six loses the second, why, you're washed up, see? But if number five wins the first and number six cops the second, why, then you're filthy. See what I mean?"

"I think so," the dear old lady said. "You mean I should bet number five in the first and number six in the second."

"Crumps, no, lady!" the Pink said. "I ain't toutin' you, see? That was just for instance, see? You got to pick your own horses."

"Well," the old lady said, "thank you very much and I am sure they are very good horses."

Whereupon, it goes without saying, she coupled number five and number six in the daily double and they came in and paid \$1,186.40 for \$2. Hialeah is a lovely place.

ON THE EDGE OF THE

VOLCANO



At the grotesque tower, one world stops and another begins. On this spot lies freedom, a few yards away spiritual slavery. The menacing eyes of a guard peer downward at the divided landscape. The traveler instinctively feels the presence of the machine gun and searchlight by the guard's side. This is the Iron Curtain.

From the tip of Norway, winding down through Europe and across to the wastelands of Tibet, similar towers are the symbol of the way the Kremlin has shut up nations inside a great Communist enclosure. To most of the free world, the Iron

Curtain is an ominous phrase of something remote, but to the thousands of people in towns and villages along the western side of the frontier, the Curtain is a key factor in daily living. Military bases are nearby; movements are restricted; refugees appear out of nowhere. In some areas, inhabitants have been trained to handle weapons. The residents of these lands live literally at the outposts of freedom. Despite the precariousness of existence beside the Red volcano, however, they have developed a dominant characteristic—an immunity against fear.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY • PHOTOS BY ALMASY • TEXT BY ZSOLT ARADI

Red line separates freedom from Communism.

Here are revealing pictures of those
who live in the shadow of "the tower"
—symbol of past eruptions





FINLAND

Refugees wait in a bus station near the Russ-Finn border. They are from Eastern Karelia, a territory which previously belonged to Finland, but now is in the hands of Russia



NORWAY

For these Norwegian Laplanders, near the Barents Sea, the Iron Curtain is a fence beside their farmhouse. It is death to cross it. Before World War II they used to take their reindeer to graze in the Petsamo region of northern Russia

ON THE EDGE OF



THE VOLCANO

The Iron Curtain has clanged down to rob people of a heritage which went beyond borders

The Iron Curtain (the phrase was coined by Winston Churchill) is actually a belt varying in width from five to ten miles. The Communists have been merciless in marking the frontier. If it passes through a forest, they chop down the trees; if through a farm, they destroy its usefulness; if through a village, they chase the people back inside the country and to avoid re-population of the area they frequently flood the village. From hills in Austria, the steeples of churches in Czechoslovakia can be seen, their points sticking above newly created "lakes." The scene conjures up visions of the Deluge.



TURKEY

In the manner of the centuries, a Turkish woman farms near the Bulgarian border, her serenity undisturbed by new times



GREECE

A "farmers' guard" at the Greek-Albanian frontier assembles on Sundays to practice firing under the direction of military officers



GERMANY

In the northern part of West Germany, girls picnic nonchalantly only a few yards away from barbed wire

HUMOR, GRIM AND ODD



Villagers mock Communist propaganda with a Westernized "Pravda"

ON THE EDGE OF



THE VOLCANO

The Finns are perhaps the best example of a people who live in the tension of the Iron Curtain, yet without fear. Their interminably long frontier makes defense against a Russian attack practically impossible. Those who live near the border can be seen singing as they walk, unarmed, back and forth to work in their forests. Their experience fighting the Russians has taught them a lesson, summed up by one Finn: "If you have fear you are lost. The best defense against an inscrutable neighbor is to remain calm, be prepared, and do your work as usual." From the wars and invasions of the past two centuries, Europeans have developed a wise combination of resignation and hope.



Children take borderlines less seriously than their elders, but

DANGER, REAL AND CONSTANT

Impoverished Finnish refugees stay close to the Iron Curtain in the hope that they can return home soon

A trip which formerly took 20 minutes now takes 31 hours, via border crossing, for German couple going to see relatives in East Germany





The Austrian-Czechoslovak border jogs strangely to the left at this point so that all of Franz Zwoboda's restaurant can remain inside Austria

stunting like this isn't appreciated by guards

On the Bavarian side of the German-Czechoslovak border, the people have built new dwellings of stone and brick intended to last 100 years. It is the same in the big cities near the Iron Curtain: Munich, Nürnberg, Bremen, Vienna, Klagenfurt. "What a pity if World War III should come," says a European, admiring the new streets, rebuilt churches, and modern office buildings, "all this would be razed again." They go on building nonetheless. This spirit is seen in the defiance of an Austrian farmer who recently seized his pitchfork to drive away a Czech Communist policeman who raced across the border into an Austrian village in pursuit of a political refugee.



Sentries patrol road dividing Bulgaria, left, and Turkey



A cemetery on the Greek-Albanian border, for victims of the strife between the two nations, is a reminder of the death struggle against Reds



ON THE EDGE OF



THE VOLCANO

Turkish guard strikes the pose of the free world, ever alert against the deadly volcano

The peoples of the free world have banded into military alliances to stop further Red encroachments. Is this enough? It is not. For free nations are not agreed on how to stop Communist economic and social advances. Still a long way off is the triumph of wisdom and justice in human relations which could lead to the goal expressed by Pope Pius XII in his 1950 Christmas message: "Away with the barriers! Break down the barbed wire fences! Let each people be free to know the life of other people; let that segregation of some countries from the rest of the civilized world, so dangerous to the cause of peace, be abolished."



Charles Boyer and Claire Bloom in "The Buccaneer," story of pirate Jean LaFitte and the War of 1812

STAGE AND SCREEN by Jerry Cotter

Reviews in Brief

THE BUCCANEER is a rousing DeMille epic which harks back to the War of 1812 for its spectacle, thrills, and intrigues. The principal figures are pirate Jean LaFitte and General Andrew Jackson, who combine forces to defeat the British at the Battle of New Orleans. While the picture has its moments of flash and fire, it must be admitted that the drama tends to lag and the continuity is often confusing. Though the title has a salty tang, most of the action takes place on land with Yul Brynner as the toupeed pirate and Charlton Heston in the role of the stubborn general. Charles Boyer, Claire Bloom, and a typically huge DeMille cast of supers support them. Despite its flaws, this is an interesting, occasionally gripping, spectacle. (Paramount)

INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS is a refreshing study of nobility as exhibited by an English parlor maid, whose determination to carry her message of Christianity led to the dangers and rewards of missionary existence in a backward mountain province of China. Based, with readjustments, on the life of Gladys Aylward, the film is impressive, as a spectacle, and rewarding in its dramatic passages. The strength of character, the patience, and the humility of the

woman is inspirational, and these qualities are superbly interpreted by Ingrid Bergman, who brings humor and compassion to the role. The picture is not without flaws: the unnecessary addition of a fictional romance, the film's inordinate length, and the miscasting of Curt Jurgens as a Eurasian Army officer. The late Robert Donat's last acting assignment is one of the assets, and the splendidly selected supporting cast proves another. Spectacle and intimacy share the spotlight in this generally brilliant story of a great faith and one woman's dedication to her fellow human beings. (20th Century-Fox)

Frank Sinatra is cast as a disillusioned young man returning from the wars to the small town he loathes in **SOME CAME RUNNING**, a lengthy, tedious adaptation of the James Jones novel. The lust, hypocrisy, and myriad problems of his Hoosier home resemble the situations outlined in *Peyton Place*. The former GI's recollections of life in the town orphanage and his dislike of the older brother who had placed him there become the starting point for his campaign of revenge. It involves him with the local gambler, a pretty professor of creative writing, his brother's family, and a girl who has followed him from Chicago. The ensuing complications are on a questionable moral level, and the manner



Pablito Calvo and Antonio Vico in "Pepote," touching fable of modern Madrid



Custer's last stand provides an exciting climax for "Tonka," in which Sal Mineo plays the role of an Indian lad

in which they are handled is often quite objectionable. Sinatra's grim-lipped performance is matched by Dean Martin, Arthur Kennedy, Martha Hyer, and Shirley MacLaine, who is costumed and directed in the caricature. This is patently contrived drama. (M-G-M)

TONKA dramatizes a controversial chapter from American history in terms which should find special favor with the young audiences. General Custer's futile stand at the forks of the Little and Big Horn Rivers provides a blazing climax, but there may well be some dispute over the interpretation of the General's motives and personality. The major portion of the story is devoted to an Indian lad and the wild stallion he captures. In time he and the horse become the sole survivors of the massacre. Adults may find it rough going at times, but the youngsters will be enraptured. Sal Mineo is convincing as the boy in this beautifully framed adventure in which interesting sequences of Indian village life alternate with the excitements. (Disney-Buena Vista)

The most objectionable features of the play having been eliminated, **AUNTIE MAME** has been classified A-3 by the Legion of Decency. A gaudy succession of comic strip scenes, interpreted in slick, farcical style, the film is occasionally tawdry, but often preposterously funny. A cyclonic performance by Rosalind Russell, as the erratic yet sympathetic Mame, sets a fast pace for the audience and her co-workers in this flamboyant *tour de force*. (Warner Bros.)

Pablito Calvo, the appealing child star of *Marcelino*, repeats his winsome-urchin portrayal in **PEPOTE**, a fable of modern Madrid. This time he is cast as a ragged orphan living with an uncle who had once been a famous toreador. The pair eke a living from the sale of cigarette-stub tobacco. One day the aging bullfighter is offered the chance to be a comic matador in a fake match. How they obtain the money needed for his costume and the touching conclusion of the story will appeal to everyone. Pablito again proves that he is a youngster of exceptional ability and remarkable sensitivity, while Antonio Vico is splendid as the dispirited uncle. The dialogue is in Spanish, but there are English subtitles in this unpretentious, but ingenious, production. (UMPO)

The New Plays

FLOWER DRUM SONG, latest in the parade of Rodgers and Hammerstein musical hits, is an entertaining show in many respects. There is little likelihood that it will duplicate the success or the reputation of such previous *R* and *H* efforts as *Oklahoma*, *Carousel*, *The King and I*, or *South Pacific*. But it is serviceable and pleasant, with a refreshing background and an intriguing, though slim, story in which the conflict between old and young is outlined. One critic has referred to it as the battle between the pigtail and the pony-tail, with San Francisco's Chinatown as the setting. The songs are unspectacularly melodic, but the players are admirable. Miyoshi Umeki, Pat Suzuki, Ed Kenny, Juanita Hall, and an international cast provide all the warmth and charm any show requires. One dance sequence is in questionable taste, but the balance of the production rates as an enjoyable adult musical.

Walter Slezak does not play the title role in **THE GAZEBO**, that honor going to a sturdy English summer house which has been imported to a Long Island backyard. Slezak is a TV mystery writer who becomes involved with a blackmailer, a disappearing corpse, and several inquisitive police. Farce-comedy should never be forced, and unfortunately this one

is almost always forced and almost never very funny. It is strictly for those adults who find the incredulous satisfying. There seems little likelihood that this summer house will survive the winter!

WHOOP-UP is an uninspired and tedious musical with an Indian reservation background, a second-rate cast, and a third-class score. To salvage anything from such mediocrity requires more skill and cash than the producers invested in this substandard show. Life on the reservation may be like this, and if so, we have done the Indian more harm than we think.

Recollections of a childhood in a Jewish neighborhood in Worcester form the basis of S. N. Behrman's **THE COLD WIND AND THE WARM**, a nostalgic piece in which the heartbreak of growing-up is tenderly and affectionately depicted. Written with the precision and delicacy of an expert craftsman, the play is a somewhat diffuse chronicle of the 1900 era, marred to a degree by an abrupt and tragic ending. Performances by Maureen Stapleton, Timmy Everett, Eli Wallach, and Morris Carnovsky are alternately amusing and moving. In place of pyrotechnics, this reminiscence offers the adult audience a leisurely and sensitive glance backward.

Graham Greene's **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** harks back to dark days in Mexico when the Church was persecuted and its priests hunted down like criminals and traitors. This dramatization of the novel follows the original and is as baffling and at times equivocal as the Greene opus. The hero of the piece is the last priest remaining in a province controlled by the police. He is both hunted and haunted, for there have been times when he has failed in his mission. There are moments of considerable suspense, and the entire production has been staged with stark, effective simplicity. It is reverent as well in outlining an extremely sensitive situation. Fritz Weaver's portrayal is vividly realized and sympathetic, even when it may seem that the positive values are not triumphing. This is a provocative and absorbing theater piece, handled with distinction throughout. It is a production for the thinking adult only.

THE DISENCHANTED is an artful, though wordy, tragedy built around the disintegration of a writer. It seems to have been fashioned after the life and career of F. Scott Fitzgerald, although its authors, Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, have denied that he was the despairing, disillusioned man of whom they write. Their play is technically fine, especially in the portrayal of Jason Robards, Jr., who emerges as a major star with this authoritative performance. While one may often become impatient with the disenchanted materials, their tragedy serves as a forceful reminder of eternal truths.

Archibald MacLeish has paraphrased the Biblical story of Job in contemporary terms, calling it **J.B.** The poetic drama is a form not often applauded in the commercial theater, but in this case it has been greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. Utilizing a circus setting, the poet-author plays out his parable with two candy sellers serving as God and the Devil. In the course of the drama, he has drawn a number of modern parallels, exhibits an insufficient grasp of the meaning of life, suffering, and Revelation, and leaves himself open to conflict with Biblical scholars. Raymond Massey, Christopher Plummer, Pat Hingle, Nan Martin, and director Elia Kazan rate applause for an exciting attempt to bring literary quality to the theater. Their success is in no way impaired by the author's limitations.

The Best of '58

Despite an atmosphere of semi-despair and curtailed production, the screen factories have managed to turn out a fair number of worthwhile movies during the 1958 semester. A sizable percentage of the really good pictures were produced abroad, some with American capital or partial backing, and several others of the outstanding group were the result of independent deals in Hollywood.

The power and the glory that once was Hollywood's has shifted, and with it comes a new emphasis. For better or worse, for richer or poorer, tomorrow's movies will have new foundations. While a handful of "old" stars still reign supreme at the box-office, indications are that in the seasons to come it will take more than Gary Cooper or William Holden or Cary Grant or Liz Taylor to draw the paying customers into line. Tomorrow calls for a combination of story, spectacle, and/or novelty, and a few familiar faces. The new movie audience has a definite "show-me" flavor.

As for 1958, the year did offer quality for what it lacked in quantity. To be sure there were horrors, and not all of them dealing with modern-day Frankenstein or Dracula. Even the most lenient moviegoers had cause to shudder.

However, there were several outstanding productions during the year, headed by an especially gripping dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. Discriminating audiences found in this study of an aged fisherman's last battle with a giant of the deep a fascinating character study, embellished with some beautiful photography and a brilliant interpretation by Spencer Tracy.

It was Tracy who won the year's acting honors, as the Cuban fisherman, and consolidated the victory with a smashing portrayal of a big-city political boss in John Ford's *The Last Hurrah*, a penetrating and moving analysis. Also among the year's movies to be remembered with pleasure were *tom thumb*, a delightful children's show; *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, *Pepote*, and *The Buccaneer*, reviewed in this issue; the sprightly musical, *Gigi*; the sprawling *Big Country*, the year's best Western; such imports as *A Night to Remember*, *Pather Panchali*, and *The Horse's Mouth*; the novel *Windjammer*, and the mature *Separate Tables*.

This brings the 1958 average to about one outstanding movie a month, not a very impressive total to be sure, but perhaps Hollywood's future salvation lies along the road to quality instead of quantity.



Spencer Tracy in "The Old Man and the Sea," 1958's outstanding motion picture



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Moonlight for Matty

by Frank P. Jay

Why was her husband going off with their son and not letting her know what it was all about? Couldn't she go with them? Was he splitting her off from her son?

After she put Matty to bed, Ann was halfway down the stairs on her way back to the kitchen when she heard the sound of the little boy's feet on the broad floor boards of the old farmhouse. She tiptoed back. In the moonlight, she could see Matty pretending to be asleep with the wooden rattle his father had whittled for him crooked under his arm. The teddy bear and the other cuddly toys sat on the shelf, their glassy eyes glinting in the moonlight like tears.

Sabrina sat in front of the round-oak kitchen stove waiting. When her daughter-in-law came back in, she said,

"It could be worse, you know, Ann. He could be lazy or cruel or a drinking man. If you walk out for *this* you'll probably regret it to your dying day. You say he's secretive; I say he can't talk about it because he doesn't know how. He has no words to tell what he thinks about, what he does, because he is young. And you are young. But I am older than both of you together and I know what happens to him. And to you too, because it happened to me with my own husband, all my life long, and I didn't like it much either."

A maple log in the stove shifted and, because they hadn't

lighted the lamp, the flames inside the open draught-holes cast a slow, yellow flicker over the mantel shelf with its wooden clock ticking slowly and its few shining pieces of china. The flicker reflected, too, on Sabrina's spectacles and on the tear-tracks down Ann's young cheeks.

"But why should he take Matty with him every time he goes? Matty's a baby still. He isn't even six yet. And why does Jonas sneak him off like this? Couldn't we *all* go together some other time? Jonas is splitting me off from my own baby, and I hate him for it. Of *course* I'm not going to leave. But if I can't go with my son, I don't see why Jonas should go. Especially now. Less than a month before our second child."

Sabrina nodded in time with the slow rocking of the creaking chair.

"Ann, it isn't that he loves you less because he leaves you and takes his son into the woods. When that happens to them, women don't enter into men's thoughts. These men of ours were born in the shadow of the trees. They go to the woods the way worse men go to liquor. You and I

Will pointed. His father stared a long time, then nodded

were born in towns and we probably won't ever know the men we've married. I've tried for many years and God knows I haven't succeeded. Love them, yes. Know every part of how they think, no.

"It was always there. The woods, I mean. And it's always the same. When they were boys, in their happy time it was where they went when they wouldn't be working. It meant leisure time and no bosses. And shade after the sun and no roads that they *had* to follow. It's quiet there, cool and sweet-smelling in the pines with no women talking and nothing to worry for. But mostly nothing ever *changed* and it's always the same, since the time their own fathers slipped away into the trees and took the boys with them to open their eyes and hearts and make them quiet men.

"And I like it too, but not that way; not their way. It's pretty there in the day, but it scares me at night. I'm afraid of the silences and the big darkness. That's what I can never understand. They go to the woods like hungry men to food. And they sleep there on the cold rocks to stay longer with what they love. You know it. That's why you're crying. Those woods compete with us and always will.

"We make up the clean soft beds with cedar-tips to make the linen sweet and we set out good food under a dry roof in a warm room with the clock ticking, and they turn away and go off, go off. . . ."

"But Sabrina, I want to go too. Why does he leave me? I tell you I'm not just going to sit here and wait while he's off having fun for himself."

Sabrina didn't answer the younger woman's anger, either in words or by a changed expression. Her eyes were seeing a thing that had passed in the blue distance of the years.

"One day I followed them—Will and his father—because I felt then the way you feel now. It wasn't fair, I thought. And it isn't. It was the same with them then. First, the work and the work done. Then that shifty fiddle-footing and the getting ready. Then they'd go, in the evening and quiet as cats in the dark. The thing I didn't understand was *why* they had to act so *guilty*. I know now. *We* make them act that way. Like you're going to make Jonas and Matty act guilty. You can't help it, and neither can they.

"Well, I followed them because I wanted to know. They went out that door there easy and quiet, as if they were only going to the barn. *Too* easy and quiet. And they *went* to the barn. They went *through* it. They got their pack baskets, which they'd packed heaven *knows* when, and they went out the back door behind the calf's weaning

stall. They went straight up the hill, over the wall, and into the cedars. They never stopped to talk or rest. His father went first and Will followed him. Over the brook they went and up around the west end of Ruby mountain, where you can see the ledges from here. Then they went straight north for almost an hour, past Grassy Pond and Little Bad Luck Pond and the two Siamese Ponds. They went fast and easy, because they were strong men and they had a light load and good wind.

"I was wearing moccasins and was strong for a girl in those days, but just following their tracks and being quiet and taking care to stay out of sight, I was so tired I could hardly see straight. They almost caught me, too. They stopped at an odd, little spring at the height of the path on the lower edge of Bullhead Mountain, and I almost ran into them. They'd taken off their pack baskets and lay by the water drinking when I saw them. I fell straight down in leaves behind a rotten ash log and never dared to move a muscle. I was so close. If I had, I would have rustled the dry leaves and they would have heard me sure. I could see them through the ferns from where I lay. The sun was low in the afternoon. They lay

• Some men think women's hats are funny. Others have to pay for them.—*Irish Digest*

for no more than three minutes and never talked, but they were listening. I could tell, and paying attention to the way the wind was blowing. But there was no wind. I should say, to the way the air was moving because even if it didn't show in the leaves of the trees or leave a ripple on the water, the air was moving, but very quietly.

"They got to the pond about half an hour later. They stopped behind some ledges, maybe a hundred feet from the water, and they took off their pack baskets. I made a big circle and went up the hill so I could look down on them, and I saw Will's father go silently up the path they'd just come and take a fallen birch branch and balance it across the path, so if it was disturbed they could tell at a distance if anyone were following them.

"Meanwhile Will took the shotgun—that old double-barreled one with the old-style hammers that Jonas uses now—out of his pack and set it up. They had a coach-lamp, too. They trimmed the wick and polished the reflector and lens and tied it tight to a forked whistlewood stick two-three feet long. And then they went down to the pond.

"Oh, but they went quiet. There wasn't a sound. Will stood like a peering statue behind the trunk of a hemlock on the pond's edge, and his father was crouched, for all the world like a big bullfrog, on a ledge of rock covered with that cushiony, low, green stuff and blueberry bushes. They searched the edges of the pond slowly with their eyes. Then Will pointed. His father stared a long time then nodded. A deer was in the mud at the head of the pond, come down early to drink and wallow and get away from the flies for awhile. I stared too, trying to see what they saw, and when I looked back the two men were gone back into the brush.

"Then I saw Will slip the forward end of a canoe into the water below the ledge. They must have built it in there at the pond and hidden it in there for their own use, because I'd never seen it before. And I realized that they hadn't told me because I might have mentioned it to someone without thinking. Hah! They have their secrets, I thought, and it nettled me a little, lying there under a witch-hopple bush with spruce needles sticking to the palms of my hands.

"They hunted then. Will's father took the paddle. He was left-handed, you know. Like Jonas. He never took the blade out of the water. It was like music to watch that man with a paddle. First the strong silent thrust, smooth and long with a guide twist on the end. Then he'd slip the blade sideways forward through the water until he was ready for another stroke. There was no gurgle, no dripping, no sound at all. Nothing but the smooth, silent motion of the canoe.

"They knelt on the ribs. Will was in the forward end with the shotgun as they went out of my sight around the point. The deer was still there up in the head of the pond. It was quite dusky by then, but I saw the canoe again, low-silhouetted against the far bank, slipping up on the deer. I hardly breathed. And then the thing saw them. It wasn't dark enough for them to light the coach lamp. They were trying for an early shot."

Ann lifted her head tiredly.

"Why are you telling me all this, Sabrina? It doesn't make me feel better to know that my husband's father and grandfather were killers."

"Listen to the whole story, Ann. The whole story always makes more sense than only a part of it. What you just said is the whole point.

"That deer stood gamble-deep in the black mud, a length of pond-lily hanging from its mouth. It was a fine, fat doe and I found myself praying that Will wouldn't miss. But he never even raised the shotgun. His father trailed the

paddle and the canoe slowly, slowly stopped in the water, no more than thirty feet from that beautiful creature. Will could have hit it blindfolded with the spread of buckshot that gun throws. But just then the doe turned her head and looked over the low brush at the edge of the pond where the cold water comes in and, even from as far away as I was, I could hear the late fawn that she had hidden there blat softly in the dusk.

"After a while the doe moved out, placing her tiny hooves oh so carefully and without fear, never knowing how close she had been to death. Those two men had gone all that weary distance and had refused the chance that was given to them.

"Then it got too dark for me to see, so I curled up under my spruce tree, wrapped myself in my shawl, and tried to sleep until the moon would rise and give me light enough to follow the trail back. But I couldn't sleep, because I had a great fear of the dark and the things that might be around me. There were bug sounds and rustling sounds and a hunting owl, so I knew there were mice. Oh, I was close to calling out to the men to come and get me and bring me home, but I thought if they knew once that I'd followed them they might never trust me again, so I went home by myself, the whole dark way, and walked alone over the shuddering horrors of the night, until I was back in the blessed order of my own kitchen.

"I was wrong, of course. They found out. They found my tracks following theirs in the mud places when they came out later with a pack basket half-full of bullheads by the light of the risen moon. They were embarrassed, yes, but never angry. In fact, although we never, never spoke of it, Will's father and I grew kinder to each other and closer after that night. He always brought me flowers off the high ledges: laurels and dogwood and arbutus. And those ghostly-white Indian pipes that grow down on the dark forest floor, where the big trees grow and the sun never comes.

"You see, they don't go away in there because they like to shoot things. Sometimes I think I'm more of a killer than they are. I think more of the thing to eat, the meat on the table, than the creature in the woods. They aren't like the hunters that come in the fall with all the red clothes and boots and fine rifles that they want to shoot so badly and the compasses that they can't read. It's something more remote for our people. Something we can't define. Like love."

Ann got up with difficulty and walked to the window. She came back and started to say something, thought better of it, and went back to stare at the

window again. The moon was a night from full, and in its light the mountains in the whole north wall of the valley stood black and still in the windless night.

Sabrina's voice was soft.

"Remember, Ann, how it was with Jonas before Matty was born? Remember the calf? Matty was due at the end of August and Jonas needed money, so he sold the calf that had been running with Dutch—remember Dutch? She was a muley: no horns—since April. It was a little bull. You were new here then. You didn't realize what was going on. Starbuck the butcher came up with his truck and they caught the calf and put him into the truck. Dutch stood inside the cowyard bars all worried and scared. Then, when the truck went off bumping down the road with her calf inside, she began to bellow. She kept it up just as fast as she could catch her breath, all day and all night. By the next morning, she was so hoarse all she could do was take a deep breath, point her nose up, open her mouth, and wheeze, all dry and raspy. And we could hear those awful animal sounds clear down here, remember? Jonas took a blanket and slept outdoors on the other side of the horsebarn hill so he wouldn't hear. Dutch didn't eat for ten days, and I don't think Jonas did either.

"Whatever else he may be, Jonas is no killer. None of them are."

Sabrina's fingers tightened on the arms of the rocker. She watched the fire, not Ann, and she spoke with a low strength that made the girl turn and look.

"They turn into a special kind of man here. They get a good thing in the woods that I'm trying to describe to you. It's a thing like clear October weather and sunshine and good gardens. It's like leaf-smell and woodsmoke and the smell of snow. It's what you loved first in Jonas and I loved in Will. Don't you want the same for Matty?"

Matty's bed lay in the moonlight. Ann crossed the broad boards and stood beside him looking down on the sleeping child's face. She could see something of Jonas there and of her own mother, dead many years, and of Sabrina. Ann softly covered Matty's shoulder with the patchwork coverlet, in the eternal gesture of good mothers. She smoothed it over, letting her fingers rest a bit on the different pieces, one patch from her wedding dress, one from Sabrina's old blue.

"No pattern there," she thought, "but I guess the whole thing is warm enough."

Downstairs, the big clock slowly struck three. She went to the window. The woods were dark beneath the moon. Ann shivered.

She thought to herself, "Well, if I can't sleep, I might as well be of use. Like Jonas' father says, 'What good's a man if he ain't of use.'"

The old woman had gone to bed. Downstairs again, Ann went to the woodshed and took down the pack baskets woven, to fit a man's back, out of ash withes. She packed Jonas's with the few essentials: matches, an extra pair of socks, a handful of twenty-penny nails, the light ax, a length of copper wire. With these, she knew, he would be able very quickly to build a comfortable, weather-tight lean-to that they could live in for as long as they would be gone. She cried a little packing Matty's pack: the little socks, a blueberry muffin.

Ann set the breakfast table for the big, working-day meal they would need before they left to walk half the day in those dark woods: pork and fried potatoes, oatmeal that had been cooking in milk on the back of the woodstove slowly for a day and a night, eggs fried with the pork, and blueberry pie.

There was nothing more she could do. She put a maple knot into the big stove, closed the dampers, and put out the lamp.

Matty's room was still moonlit. "They'll have good weather," Ann thought. It was clear and cold.

Suddenly she whirled. Matty was sitting up in bed, his eyes wide. "Mother!" he whispered.

"What's the matter, Matty?" She flew to him and held him tightly, his little face on her breast, her arms a cradle again. She spoke soothingly, rocking him a little. "Did you have a bad dream, honey?"

Over her shoulder he could see the golden, moonlit mountains, mysterious and exciting, lying beyond the valley. There were hidden ponds beyond there, with big trout in them. There were high ledges to climb where the wind roars by, and icy springs to drink at, of water with an earth-heart taste of roots and sunken stones; and the waterfalls. . . .

When he could, Matty moved his mouth gently to one side and, without actually pushing her away, said, "Is it time to go yet?"

Just then the clock downstairs struck four. Ann held the little boy at arms' length and stared at him. Yes, he looked very like Jonas.

"I'll bring you some Indian pipes, Mommy, and laurels off the mountains. I'll bring you a million trout. Is it time to go?"

"No, Matty, it's not time to go yet," she whispered, holding him tighter even as he was fading from her. "Not yet, but soon!"



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Day of a Wedding

Today Ellen was to be married. What does a father think of the day he gives his daughter away in marriage, his only daughter?

by Catherine Sheridan

Everything was ready. As he stood there waiting, he looked ahead, past the bridesmaids and the ushers, down the long, carpeted aisle. He saw the altar and the glow of the lighted candles, the flowers a huge blur of white touched briefly with bits of green and pink and gold.

Ellen had his arm now. He felt it tense and stiff, pressed hard against his own black coat sleeve.

"Easy does it," he said quietly, not looking at her.

Then there was the signal, a soft chiming of the bells. He heard the quick whispering, the muted laughter of the bridesmaids, the rustle of their wide, blue skirts and starched, lace petticoats.

High above, from the choir loft, came the deep, swelling sound of the organ.

He felt Ellen's arm move, tighten. And then, without a word, they both began to walk slowly, carefully, along the smooth, red carpet.

Peter Regan thought: This is now—this moment. And Ellen is here beside me. Ellen grown tall and slim and lovely. I keep forgetting. It's queer how I keep forgetting.

Part of his mind saw the people. The faces crowded together in the pews—the women's furs and flowered hats, the men's dark suits, the small boy with a finger stuck solemnly in his open, gaping mouth.

Ellen was whispering, "Daddy, slower—slower—"

He paused, drawing in his breath, remembering how it was. One, two, one,

two, he began to count steadily to himself, the way he'd been doing all through the rehearsals.

He looked again at the altar, the high, white, flowered altar. It seemed such a long way, he thought, still counting, such a long, long way.

And then, after a while, somehow they were there. Johnny was coming to meet them, a strangely unfamiliar Johnny now in a dark suit, his hair neat and shining and a blob of white in his coat lapel. Johnny Davis, the tall, quiet boy his daughter was marrying.

They stood at the foot of the altar rail. Slowly Ellen took her arm away from his. She lifted her veil and it caught briefly in her brown curls. Carefully he reached out, gave it a quick, little tug.

Peter Regan looked at his daughter once again. He saw the lovely oval of her face, her eyes, the clear, lucid blue of them, bright now with the quick shine of tears.

"Daddy—" He felt the nearness of Ellen, the scent of her flowers.

"Be happy," he was saying then. "Be happy—always."

And he turned. "She's yours now, Johnny: take good care of her."

Back in the pew, he knelt, his hands clasped tightly together. Mrs. Kerr was behind him. Mattie Kerr. He could hear her sniffing noisily and cheerfully into a large, towel-like handkerchief.

"Having a grand time," he thought, and a small half smile quivered at the corners of his mouth.

"Like my own," Mattie was forever

saying. "Ellen is just like my own daughter."

For a moment, Peter Regan's mind went away from the church and the lights and the softly muted organ.

He saw Mattie Kerr coming into the white frame house on Oak Street that winter's morning years ago. A black coat and a black hat and her thick gray hair in a neat, uncompromising knot sticking out at the back of it.

"Mr. Regan, I heard over at the rectory as how you'd be needing someone to take care of the little girl and the house and all now. So I sort of figgered I'd come right on over."

And she'd stayed. Stayed all of these fifteen years.

He still remembered how it hadn't been so bad after that. When he came home at night to the dreaded loneliness of a house without Marion, he saw the glow of the lights in the front windows. There was the kitchen warm and bright with the rich, good smells of cooking, the cinnamon buns baking in the oven.

Ellen would be playing in the dining room. Ellen dressed for his coming, her starched, clean dress spreading out in a ruffle around her, her hair braided and tied with stiff, red ribbons.

No, it hadn't been so bad then. And after a while, the old, aching pain of losing Marion had gone slowly away.

Now that part of his life was done, all over, he thought queerly. And there'd be no more little girl in braids and pinafore, her dolls strewn haphazardly across the living-room sofa.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LUKE

Ellen was whispering, "Daddy, slower"

From the altar, he heard the young priest singing the Mass, heard his voice, the way it came, loud and clear and a little off key.

He stared at the altar boys moving with unaccustomed precision, their faces pious, their shoes newly polished.

For a moment, Peter was aware of a queer, tense feeling inside him. He glanced at his hands, saw the knuckles white and strained, pushed hard against the wood of the pew.

I must be afraid, he thought suddenly. He stared up again at the altar, at the young girl kneeling there in a white, satin dress.

And what did a man want for his daughter? He found himself asking the same old questions again. The way he'd been doing these past weeks and the frantic, excited preparations going on like a storm around him.

Love—security—happiness. They were part of it, he knew, part of all the things that people nowadays were forever talking about so feverishly. And certainty—it seemed that he and every one else had a desperate need for that too.

Peter Regan leaned back against the pew. It was old and well used, and it made a creaking sound as he moved.

But Johnny is right for her, he reminded himself, wondering at the myriad, prodding fears that had started to crowd in on him. He began to go over it all again in his mind.

The days when they'd gone to high school together, the picnics, the graduation parties, the first corsage of gardenias to pin on a new, long-skirted dress for a prom.

"Johnny's taking me," Ellen would say.

Johnny—Johnny—it was always the same. Once he'd laughed a little, hiding behind his newspaper so she wouldn't see.

"Isn't there anyone else around this town but Johnny?" he'd asked humorously.

And in no time at all, he heard her, the swift, sure way she was answering him.

"No, Daddy, there isn't. Not for me!"

At Christmas, Johnny had given her the ring. A thin, little gold ring with a bit of diamond in it that you could hardly see.

Only for Ellen, there was never anything in the world to equal it. She wore it all the time, held it up for the other whispering, ecstatic girls to admire as they trooped from house to house in an endless procession of showers and teas.

Three months ago, Johnny had been offered the new job in Chicago.

"I'm going with him," Ellen said. "We'll be married, find an apartment there—"

She was wearing a plaid skirt and a white, cotton blouse that morning, he remembered, and he'd looked at her and thought wonderingly, "It's all planned. They've made up their minds—and right now she looks about fourteen."

But she wasn't, of course, and after she'd gone running breakneck upstairs, he sat there quietly alone.

The room seemed very still. He looked out at the yard, at the trellis, at the ancient apple tree where he'd once put up a swing.

"High, Daddy! Way high!"

It was queer, the way he kept hearing it, the whine of the swing, the high shrieking of a little girl's voice.

Then the kitchen door was opening and Mattie was bringing him his breakfast. He remembered that too. Mattie in a gingham housedress and old slippers, her eyes filled with excitement and all sorts of questions.

"Orange juice, pancakes and bacon!" Mattie said briskly. "Figgered you'd be needing them this morning!" She poured the coffee, thumped a jar of maple syrup down hard on the table.

"Thank you, Mattie."

There was a short silence then and the gingham dress hovering, waiting.

"Ellen's going to be married," he said carefully. "She's just told me."

He heard the little gasp, the obvious, make-believe cries of surprise.

"Why, Mr. Regan! Is she now? You don't say! My—her and that nice young Davis boy!"

With a slight smile, he glanced across at her, caught the gleam of a placid, satisfied look. Their eyes held. And he thought: "She knew it—long before I did."

He stirred his coffee, felt the queer, small twinge that was both amused and resentful.

"St. Anthony's," he said, aware that she knew about that too. "St. Anthony's at ten o'clock on the second Saturday in October."

Mattie was beginning to sniffle and dab at her eyes.

"Isn't it grand, though!" Mattie said tremulously.

When she was gone, he sat there fingering the spoon and the half-empty cup of coffee.

"Ellen," he thought.

Upstairs, he could hear her moving about, high heels making sharp, little, staccato beats against the floor boards. Finally he stood up, reaching for his hat and coat, the keys to the car.

Part of him knew then how it would be without her.

It was strange now to remember he was here in St. Anthony's looking up again at the high, wide altar. Peter

Regan heard the organ, the off-key voice, the faint, rustling movement nearby of someone's beads.

He glanced across to the other end of the pew. It was Mrs. Patterson. Ruth Patterson in a neat, blue coat and hat, her thin, lined face turned quietly toward the altar.

Ruth Patterson. For a moment, he almost wished that she hadn't come. That she hadn't been there like that, looking small and old and alone, to remind him of a great many things that his mind hadn't wanted to think about this day.

Ruth Patterson. He turned away from her with a quick, uneasy suddenness.

He knew the story, of course. Remembered the way it had been that stifling July Sunday, years ago.

Tupper Lake, the high-school picnic, the busses jolting past the house, with the young ones all singing it crazily together.

"In the good old summertime—In the good old summertime—"

"They're having a big day!" He'd said laughingly to Marion.

And they'd stood there together, watching the busses, looking up the long, country road with the thick, dry clouds of dust, the faint, fading sound of the song coming back to them.

"In the good old summertime—"

Tupper Lake on a Sunday afternoon, a picnic, a canoe that had been too far out when the storm came suddenly tearing down on them.

Laurie Patterson had been one of the girls. Fifteen-year-old Laurie in a white, summer dress and pumps, a band of velvet ribbon around her yellow hair.

When the news came, the men had done their best. They'd worked all night. He remembered how it was with the heat and the noise, the floodlights moving across the lake like giant, probing fingers.

It was almost morning when they found her. Ruth Patterson's girl, Laurie. And there wasn't anything then that they could do.

Peter Regan didn't look toward the other end of the pew again. He sat quiet, watching the altar, trying not to think of anything now but Ellen's wedding.

Finally, the priest was blessing the ring. There was the shine of it, the gleam, a gold circle for Johnny to slip on her finger.

He leaned back, shifting his body against the pew. The seat creaked once more and Mattie breathed admonition behind him.

The altar boys were moving again, slowly, decorously, cassocks swinging back from polished shoes.

One of them reminded him a good

deal of Johnny—the Johnny of years ago. The same, thin kind of body, the dark hair, the wide, expectant eyes.

Looking at him now made Peter Regan remember that other little boy. The winter mornings when he'd come pedaling furiously on a second-hand bicycle to deliver the morning paper.

"Hello, Johnny."

"Morning, Mr. Regan."

A plaid jacket, ear muffs, bare, gloveless hands red and chapped.

"Better wrap up good, Johnny, it's pretty cold!"

"Yes, sir."

Even then, the Davises didn't have too much money. You knew about that of course, the way every one always knows those things in a small town.

There were five children, a shabby, old-fashioned house, and a decrepit Ford that Charley Davis drove every day to his work over in Clinton.

"Making ends meet," Charley would tell you, pushing cheerfully at a stubborn, paintless side door. "Yes sir! Mary and me, somehow we always manage."

And they did—in every way. Johnny worked all through high school and the two years of college. It couldn't have been very easy.

"He'll be late," Ellen would say, waiting for him in solitary splendor on the living room sofa. "There's a clearance sale of hardware all day over at the store."

But she always understood, even then, and you'd come to expect seeing her there, dressed and ready, some preposterous bit of knitting in her hands.

Later, Johnny would come.

"Sorry, Ellie, but you know how it is. That store, that mob—"

The two of them would look at each other, something intangible and warm passing between them and filling the room.

"Have a nice time," Peter Regan always said.

He'd pick up his paper and shift the lamp. In a little while, he could hear them, the sound of their laughter, their talk, the creak of the porch steps, as they went out.

Johnny, he'd think then warmly—Johnny.

And now—suddenly he was aware that the Mass was almost over. There was the young priest and his hands lifting upward to bless them. To bless Johnny and Ellen and all the years ahead.

Peter Regan slid to his knees. He felt a stillness inside him, a sense of awe at the beauty and wonder of the moment.

"I haven't prayed," he thought in queer surprise. "Not once—all this time." And he tried then somehow to begin.

But the words wouldn't come.

There was only the feel of the beads moving through his fingers, warm, comforting, the brown worn beads Marion had given him one Christmas long ago.

In a little while, he heard the organ. It was loud and triumphant, making a great, throbbing sound all around him.

He felt himself rising, getting mechanically to his feet like everyone else.

"Look at them now, Mr. Regan! Just look at them!" Mattie Kerr was whispering once again in his ear.

They were coming. He felt rather than saw them. For a moment, there was only the waiting.

"My they're grand, just grand—"

When he turned, they were almost to him. Ellen was smiling, he saw, smiling, radiant, with a new, strange kind of happiness. It came to him then that in all their years together, all the time she had been growing up, he had never seen her look like that before.

Their eyes met briefly, warmly, but there weren't any more tears in them.

Ellen—he felt queer looking at her, almost ashamed, the burden of all his thoughts beginning to slip away.

"It must be that I'm getting old," he told himself. "Old and foolish and

~~~~~  
• Instead of putting others in their place, put yourself in their place.—*Irish Digest*  
~~~~~

afraid. Ellen—Ellen isn't a child any more."

Somehow, today, he'd kept forgetting it. Kept forgetting that she was grown and in love, that she had Johnny and wanted to share a life with him. The way it had been once for her mother and himself.

When he started down the aisle, the Davises pushed their way out to him. Charley Davis in a brown suit and a blue tie.

"Prettiest bride I ever did see!" Charley said happily. "Excepting of course my own Mary—"

"Hush now, Charley! Peter, it was simply beautiful!"

She had fixed over the gray, silk dress, he saw, and a hat he well remembered. Only this time there was a huge, pink flower from one of the town stores perched precariously at the side.

From under it, her eyes looked up at him, warm and clear and very blue.

He smiled at her and at Charley, sensing again that they didn't know quite what to say to him.

Mary Davis fidgeted with her gloves, white gloves that were obviously new and much too tight.

"Everything went fine," Mary said.

He stood there listening to her, feeling only the strangeness inside him, the sense of his own loneliness.

"Peter—" Someone was touching his arm then.

When he turned, he saw her. A small, slight figure in a blue hat and coat. For a moment, Ruth Patterson didn't speak. He was aware of her eyes looking up at him, kind, faded eyes.

"It was such a beautiful wedding, Peter, really beautiful!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Patterson."

The Davises were talking with her then, words he didn't hear. He stood silent, a little to one side, and after a while Ruth turned to him again.

"Peter—" There seemed to be something she wanted very much to tell him. He stared down at her, curious, waiting.

"It was good to be here, Peter, so very good. To see those two children, to share a little bit in their happiness—"

Then he felt her hand, the way it came, small and firm and not very smooth, sliding quietly into his own.

"I wanted you to know," she said softly, "the way it was for me."

In another moment, she was gone. A small, straight figure walking alone up the carpeted aisle.

Peter Regan stood very still. He looked after her. Past the doors and the chattering bridesmaids, to the crowded vestibule where she was somehow managing to edge her way through to kiss his daughter, Ellen.

"The very best," Mrs. Patterson would be saying to them, "To you and to Johnny always."

He turned away. Dimly, he saw the October haze, warm and still, drifting in through the open windows. Saw the rows of pews, the blur of candles, a pink flowered hat.

There wasn't any feeling in him then but his shame. Shame for his own inadequacy and self-pity, shame for the fear of his loneliness.

After a while, he was able to look at them again. To look at the Davises standing there beside him, uneasy, waiting, wondering at his silence. Charley in his brown suit, Mary in the made-over, gray dress.

"Peter," She was looking at him with concern in her eyes, "Peter, are you all right?"

"Of course, Mary."

And suddenly he was very sure, knowing now how it was with him, knowing the beginnings of a kind of peace that one day would be part of him.

He held out his arm to her then with great gallantry.

"Mary, will you do me the honor?"

In a little while, they began to walk, the three of them together, down the long, carpeted aisle.



John Cogley questions Father Walter Ong, S.J., on Church's reputation in U.S.



RADIO and TELEVISION

by John Lester

"Catholic Hour" Trio

Millions of American Catholics no doubt viewed one or more of the three *Freedom and the American Catholic* programs shown on most NBC-TV stations on consecutive Sundays, Jan. 4, 11 and 18, at 1:30 P.M. EST.

Co-produced by the National Council of Catholic Men and the network, the unprecedented TV trilogy amounted to a critical self-examination of the American Catholic in the form of unrehearsed, question-and-answer sessions between Father Walter J. Ong, S.J., of St. Louis U., and John Cogley, of the executive staff of the Fund for the Republic.

Since Cogley's questions dealt with the charge that the Catholic Church is an undemocratic power that threatens

the basic concepts of religious freedom in this country, that there's a *Catholic Plan* for the United States, that Catholics fail to participate fully in the cultural, political and economic life of society, it's surely safe to assume that reaction was widespread and that a certain amount of controversy resulted.

As this edition of *THE SIGN* goes to press, I have only seen one program (at a press preview) and am therefore unable to comment on all, which isn't important anyhow. The important thing is that such a series of critical self-analysis has been telecast. From what I've seen of it, I feel the series deserves a repeat run, even expansion. If the reader is of this opinion, I strongly urge him to drop a few lines to that effect to the NCCM or to NBC-TV.

If not, or if he has any other opinions or ideas on the over-all matter, I also strongly urge that these be made known—in writing.

The Printed Word

New York City's tragic, nineteen-day newspaper strike—tragic because it was unnecessary—that took an estimated toll of \$50 million put a final period to arguments that radio and TV are equal to printed media in the dissemination of news.

Earlier strikes in Detroit, Pittsburgh, and other major cities should have convinced the dubious, and if they didn't the recent Big Town blackout was the clincher.

At least, I can't imagine anyone still insisting radio and TV, as now constituted, can come even close to the printed word in the over-all job of news coverage.

In fact, if anything was made crystal clear while the big New York dailies were out of action, it was that radio and TV failed dismally in their efforts to fill the gap.

The main thing missing, among many, was the obvious: a newspaper of the air.

No station in the greater New York area—seven TV and nearly fifty radio stations—undertook such a project or, I believe, even gave it much thought, for the reason that it would have been impossible.

It may be possible in time, of course, but it'll be years and years, if ever.



His appearance with the charming young Oldaker sisters on *Name That Tune* launched a new career at 78 for song-and-dance man Pat Rooney

As of now, radio and TV have the element of immediacy in their favor—news flashes, bulletins, a few lines, a paragraph at most on top stories that will suffice until the presses begin to roll. Any attempt to match print in its capacity to detail a story, however, is pitifully apparent.

It's to be hoped that radio and TV now realize this and that in the future they'll stick to the things they do well and leave the things they don't do well to others.

Turn-About

It's interesting to note that while radio and TV stations fail miserably when called upon to do a thorough job of news coverage, newspapers and magazines are quite successful in the operation of radio and TV stations.

While this has no bearing on the original point, it's a fact disclosed by a recent survey of ownership of the nation's 539 TV stations.

About 36 per cent, or 195 stations, the survey disclosed, are owned and operated by newspapers and magazines or some combination of both.

Unfortunately, the survey didn't include radio stations, although it's well known that several hundred of these also belong to printed media camps.

One Over Lightly

Man of the Hour, the Friars' Club testimonial dinner test-shown on *The Ed Sullivan Show* several weeks ago, was

even more successful than it appeared at first. And now that all viewer and press reactions are in, CBS-TV is planning a minimum of seven more of these "rib-roasts." Also, NBC-TV wants to get on the bandwagon and is mapping a similar series, the first of which probably will be an Academy of TV Arts and Sciences testimonial to Milton Berle.

Dr. I. Q., the long-running radio quizzer that has been revived for TV by ABC with Tom Kennedy as emcee, hasn't shaped up well to date and may be headed for the scrap-heap—unless drastic changes are made.

Things To Come

U. S. Border Patrol, a new tele-series, already has nearly seventy-five sponsors although filming didn't begin until a few days ago. It's rumored to be a terrific action-adventure program, based on actual files. . . . *The Man Nobody Knows*, all about a "private eye" with a talent for disguises, is another series in the works that looks like a winner. Lon Chaney, Jr., should be a "natural" for the lead. . . . James Craig to star as "Hannibal Cobb" in 260 episodes of a crime-puzzle series, each five minutes long. The idea is the same that has been running in a national picture magazine for years and years. . . . Audrey Meadows, Jackie Gleason's TV wife in *The Honeymooners*, signed to make an audition film of *My Sister Eileen* for CBS-TV. Very talented girl. . . . The old Humphrey Bogart-Lauren Bacall radio program, *Bold Venture*, to be re-

vived for TV with Dane Clark in the lead. Joan Marshall will co-star.

Veteran Charles Bickford to star a new cops-'n'-robbers weekly titled *The Thirty-Third*, all about the New York police department. . . . A new version of the long-running *Mr. and Mrs. North* series will go into production as soon as the leads are signed. Dick Denning and Barbara Britton were the original team in this one. Meanwhile, Miss Britton is being paged for the lead in something else, something good but hush-hush as of now. . . . A ninety-minute spectacular built around top recording artists is being readied for April. Dean Martin, Pat Boone, Dinah Shore, and Jo Stafford already are signed and the emcee spot is a toss-up between Bing Crosby and Steve Allen. . . . Add other spectaculars coming up: Laurence Olivier will star in a ninety-minute version of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence* on NBC-TV any week-end, as filming has been completed for some time. Judith Anderson, Hume Cronyn, and Pier Angeli are among the "names" who'll be featured. Another big one on the way is *Don Quixote*, with Jose Ferrer in the title role. This is due on ABC-TV and will go ninety minutes, possibly two hours.

TV Talent Cradle

Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* has been introducing new talent on radio and TV for so long it seemed to have a virtual monopoly on the idea. However, in all respect to Mack and his fine crew and the fine work they've been doing, this isn't the case, especially in recent years. Lawrence Welk has been doing a good job on ABC-TV for several seasons, and so has CBS-TV's *Name That Tune* series on CBS-TV, Mondays at 7:30 P.M., EST.

In the latter connection, emcee George DeWitt says "we've launched so many careers, they want to move us to Cape Canaveral." And while his quip isn't completely accurate, it states the case pretty well.

To cite a few outstanding examples viewers of *Name That Tune* might remember having seen, there was Dorothy Olsen, the singing school-teacher from White Plains, N.Y.; Eddie Hodges, the eleven-year-old, freckled-faced youngster from Hattiesburg, Miss.; fifteen-year-old Bennye Gatteys of Dallas, Texas; the veteran Pat Rooney, and two other bubbly teen-agers, Joyce Bulifant and Leslie Uggams, both New York City schoolgirls.

Her appearance on *Name That Tune* won Miss Olsen contracts with NBC and RCA-Victor Records. Hodges' appear-



UNWONDER—After a disappointing start, *Elvira Queen* series has improved and seems set for a long run. Star is George Nader, shown with Whitney Blake



IN DEMAND—Metropolitan's Renata Tebaldi can name her own price since her recent TV appearances. Toscanini called her voice one of the greatest

ance led to a featured role in the Broadway hit-musical, *The Music Man*, a recording contract with Decca, the chance to play opposite Frank Sinatra in the film *Hole in the Head*, and a co-starring assignment with Sam Levene in the upcoming CBS-TV series *The Wonderful World of Little Julius*. Their appearances have meant long-term Broadway and TV contracts for Miss Gatteys, Miss Bulifant, and Miss Uggams. Critics now are referring to the latter as "the young Marion Anderson."

For white-haired Pat Rooney, his quiz sessions with the charming Oldaker sisters, Jeanne, Patsy, and Cathie, meant another type of "launching"—a whole new career at seventy-eight and most important, says Pat, three adopted grandchildren.

In Brief

Alice Faye suddenly decided on a comeback, the first step being a personal appearance on husband Phil Harris' upcoming Timex show. . . . John Restless Gun Payne is against continuing his highly successful series a third year but NBC-TV, in love with its top ratings, is arguing for a continuance. Look for the web to win this one with a fat new contract and other inducements. Which reminds me that Clint *Cheyenne* Walker's tiff with Warner Bros. over filming of his ABC-TV series seems right back where it started months ago. Recently, it looked as though Walker had won his fight for more money, financial participation, and the right to do outside pictures. Now, Warners seems to have the upper hand and Clint may be eased out altogether. . . . Even though admittedly overworked as he is, Jerry Lewis plans to build or buy into a string of night clubs coast-to-coast. Chances are the first of the new ones will go up in Hollywood. Take it easy, lad. Don't spread yourself too thin. Also think of your kiddies. It's no fun being an orphan, even a rich one.

Gracie Allen, a trouser from 'way back, can't stand retirement and will gradually rejoin husband George Burns on his TV series. This will come as no surprise to anyone who knows Gracie—or any trouser from 'way back for that matter. . . . Just for the record: there now are nearly 500,000 color TV sets throughout the country. Slow but sure, that's tint TV. . . . Derby sales are up everywhere for the biggest spurt in twenty-five years. Know why? Manufacturers and dealers say Gene *Bat Masterson* Barry is responsible. He wears one on TV. . . . Jack Paar's representatives claim his decision to go on tape was triggered by his need of more

time. Even so, it's still a bad move and could mark the beginning of the end as it did for Red Skelton, Donald O'Connor, Jimmy Durante, and Jackie Gleason among others. Performers like Paar and the rest (a particular type) must have the currency of "live" TV to do their best work. . . . Kathy Nolan, of *The Real McCoys* series, recently cut her first record—rock 'n' roll yet.

Ed Sullivan mulling a weekly version of his hour-long variety show in London although many details have to be worked out. He may commute to London or do the same show simultaneously there and here via magnetic tape. . . . Richard *Have Gun Will Travel* Boone to portray Abraham Lincoln on Broadway beginning in the early spring. He'll have a backlog of his CBS-TV Western on hand by then. . . . Word is Burl Ives is set to star in the upcoming *Our Town* tele-series. . . . And that Academy Award winning actress Eva Marie Saint will play the girl in *Playhouse 90's* three-hour version (in two parts) of Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* when it hits the nation's TV screens in March. . . . Steve Allen being pressured to add thirty minutes to his Sunday hour but he's resisting and who can blame him? An hour a week is tough enough. . . . Just for the record: TV is booming all over the world and those who know predict the present total of 21,500,000 receivers outside the U.S.A. will soar to 50 million within five years. The U.S.A. already has close to 50 million.

Boxing Headed For KO?

Boxing on TV is definitely in trouble, and a drastic curtailment of the weekly schedule of fights on the networks now appears certain.

Bouts as exciting as the recent Archie Moore-Yvon Durelle rouser are few and far between, and the ratings have been steadily declining.

The matter may come to a head when Gillette decides what to do about its Friday night fight series on NBC-TV: whether to continue with boxing, mix boxing with other sports attractions, or drop pug-pummeling altogether in favor of top basketball games and bowling matches. The sponsor is leaning toward one or the other of the latter at this writing.

In addition to its contention that boxing is "fading fast," the sponsor is reportedly unhappy about the government's suit against the International Boxing Club, which controls so many fighters and their managers.

Viewer reaction (and reception) to the professional basketball all-star game

(Jan. 23) undoubtedly will have a great effect on Gillette's ultimate decision.

Pro-Grid Booming

On the other hand, the National Professional Football League just completed its most successful season. All attendance records were broken, and the twelve league teams split nearly \$4 million in proceeds from radio and TV rights, another all-time high take.

This is highly significant since it blasts arguments that the public is losing interest in sports because of overexposure to them.

TV of the Future

James Hiller, of RCA-NBC, who is widely respected throughout the broadcasting industry, recently gave us an interesting, authoritative glimpse into the future of TV.

Now that color is here and is finally catching on, the next technical step is the wide-screen for which, according to Hiller, TV is ready. What's more, he said, technically the wide-screen is equally ready for TV, although exactly when it will be introduced is anybody's guess at this point. My guess is within 18 months.

After that, Hiller said the "next inescapable eventuality" is three-dimensional TV, on which development (in the RCA labs) is proceeding nicely and is now in the polaroid glasses stage.

And "Smellovision?"

"Nothing's impossible," Hiller replied, although he refused to comment on a report that Michael Todd Productions recently acquired rights to a "Smellovision" process (for theatrical films) from a German scientist.

What "They" Say

Wild Bill Elliott, regarding his upcoming tele-series *Parson of the West*: "A man with principles and a purpose in life always has more power and influence than a man with a gun."

Arthur Godfrey, regarding the appearance of Jackie Gleason, Victor Borge, and others on his early morning series: "We'll keep trying new things until we click again."

Prime Minister Nash, of New Zealand, "Television will not be introduced here as long as this government is in power." (Meaning another two years at least.)

Orchestra leader Dick Stabile, formerly musical director for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and a close friend of both: "Jerry Lewis was in the hospital, not from overwork, but because Dean Martin put him there with his renewed blast (at Jerry)."



Missionary Penance

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

"A RELIGIOUS MAN thinks of nothing but himself," wrote the nineteenth-century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. In the lives of devout Christians the good pagan often notices a righteous unconcern, a majestic insensitivity, about the welfare of others. This is unfortunately one of the perils of perfection as Nietzsche's observation is often verified. The elect of God often show a dislike of being disturbed; they manifest a great wariness when it comes to the needs, spiritual and physical, of others.

Perhaps the core of the problem is to be found in the definition of perfection. It goes without saying that perfection is a highly personal affair. Sanctity is my own personal business to which I must give myself with heroic constancy. But sanctity is more than personal effort and personal concern.

When I speak of my striving for sanctity, I am not speaking of an effort which is self-sufficient, autonomous, unrelated to other persons who are also destined for God and striving to attain Him. Sanctity is not even, in spite of the expressions found in some spiritual books, the isolation of the soul in God. In the radical sense, isolation of the soul in God is what sanctity is not.

Though the idea of sanctity is highly personal (I-Thou), it is also highly social (we-Thou). Sanctity concerns my relationship to others as well as my relationship to God. If we omit the social, communal aspect, if we think of sanctity as isolation in God from the pain and wants of others, we canonize selfishness posing as undivided love.

We arrive at a balanced definition of sanctity when we define it in terms of the Church (we are not here concerned with the very real sanctity of many Protestants). Sanctity is the love and life of God by which the Body of Christ—the Church—lives. The Mystical Body of Christ has many members. The growth in love is the concern of each member and of the whole Body. The eye cannot say to the hand "I have no need of you." For the eye there is no

health, no growth, indeed no life apart from the whole body. There is no sanctity for the member apart from the body. The isolated Catholic has no sanctity apart from the Body of Christ, the Church; nor is there sanctity apart from the concern for the sanctity and welfare of the whole body.

That sanctity is to be achieved through the life of the Church, in union with and concern for all the members of the body of Christ, is the teaching of both Scripture and tradition. St. Paul wrote: "You are the body of Christ, member for member. . . . There was to be no want of unity in the body; all the different parts of it were to make each other's welfare their common care."

About the year 96, Pope Saint Clement wrote in a similar vein: "Let the whole of our body (the whole Church) be maintained in Christ Jesus. . . . Let the strong care for the weak and the weak respect the strong; let the rich support the poor and the poor render thanks to God for giving them means for supplying their needs."

Lent is usually thought of in terms of increased personal devotion, penance, mortification, fasting, and frequent attendance at Mass. Each man is supposed to put away ease of life and to make up for the negligences of other times.

The season of Lent is the period when Christians deepen their consciousness of being the Church, of contributing to the growth of the Body of Christ. During this time they are to pray for the great needs of Christ's body. At the beginning of Lent the Church proclaims what she technically calls a *jejunium solemne*. Literally this could be rendered "a solemn fast." Because the fast of Lent is solemn it is a "public fast," or in more colloquial English, a fast of the whole Church. There are not so many isolated individuals all performing their individual fast, doing penance for their own personal sins. There is not even a fast to which each gives himself when he wishes and in the measure that he wishes. The fast is rather a practice of the Church, decreed as the fast for the

whole Christian community and practiced by the whole community under the control of the Church's authority.

The penitential exercises are performed for the spiritual good of the individual soul but also for the needs of the Church. At the end of Lent, on Good Friday, the Church gathers all the needs of the Church and gives them public expression in what are called the Solemn Prayers. The Church prays for peace, for the Pope, bishops, priests, faithful; for freedom from disease and famine; she prays for prisoners, the sick, for the conversion of Protestants, pagans and Jews; for all sinners.

If the Catholic abstains from smoking, or denies himself a magazine, and then after Easter buys himself a golf club with the money he has saved by so denying himself, his penance is undoubtedly meritorious. But this is not the Church's idea of penance. She is preaching a penance practiced in the spirit of the Church and for the Church. In this she is following the teaching of Saint Leo the Great: "Let us supplement our fasting with works of mercy toward the poor. . . . Let us go hungry for a while and take from our usual fare some small thing that may be of service to the poor who are in need." Fasting in the Church has an apostolic, missionary character. It is directed toward the health and the growth of the whole Body of Christ. What the Catholic saves by fasting and mortification might be sent to the Propagation of the Faith, which has special charge of Christ's poor.

Nietzsche was right. The religious man thinks only of himself, thinks only of the body of which all men are either actual or potential members. The concern of the religious man is more than that of merely giving faith to those who do not possess it. The missionary, and such the Catholic layman is, must save bodies as well as souls. More correct, he must save men. This apostolic, missionary preoccupation is the dimension of his prayer, his penance, and his charity.



In the formative years, study habits are ingrained in Portsmouth students

OVERLOOKING the gleaming sloops on Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island, is Portsmouth Priory, a preparatory school conducted by the Benedictines, where classes are small, good manners emphasized, and the study of Latin through Caesar compulsory. The tuition is high (\$2,090 a year for resident students), and so are the standards, for Portsmouth is interested only in college material—boys who can absorb a classical high-school training designed to introduce them to the full culture of Christianity. The students tumbling on the football field aren't much different perhaps from other American teen-agers. Their mental ability is described as only a shade better than average (37 of the 178 students are on scholarships). What does distinguish the boys of Portsmouth is their day-by-day exposure to the Benedictine educational tradition. The special Benedictine love of the liturgy is passed on to the students who sing High Mass on Sundays and Compline on feast days. Through courses in the liturgy and Church customs, the students are encouraged to see the Church as a harmonious whole. So with the boys' lives: whether in their sailboats or the library, they learn to mesh their interests into the complete man.

Life in a Prep School

The manly life of a prep school is based on the importance of meeting the challenge of a boy's critical years — 14 to 18.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY
PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE





Top: Portsmouth Priory offers boys opportunity to develop skills in worth-while hobbies such as editing and operating press for the Beaverboard, fortnightly newspaper

Left: Attention to grace and the other prayers of the Church etches religious motivation and knowledge, spiritual ideals, and moral strength in students' character

Pool on a rainy day, but there's also a rifle-range, dark room, stage, music room. Boys make their beds, take turns waiting on table, and are supervised by housemasters





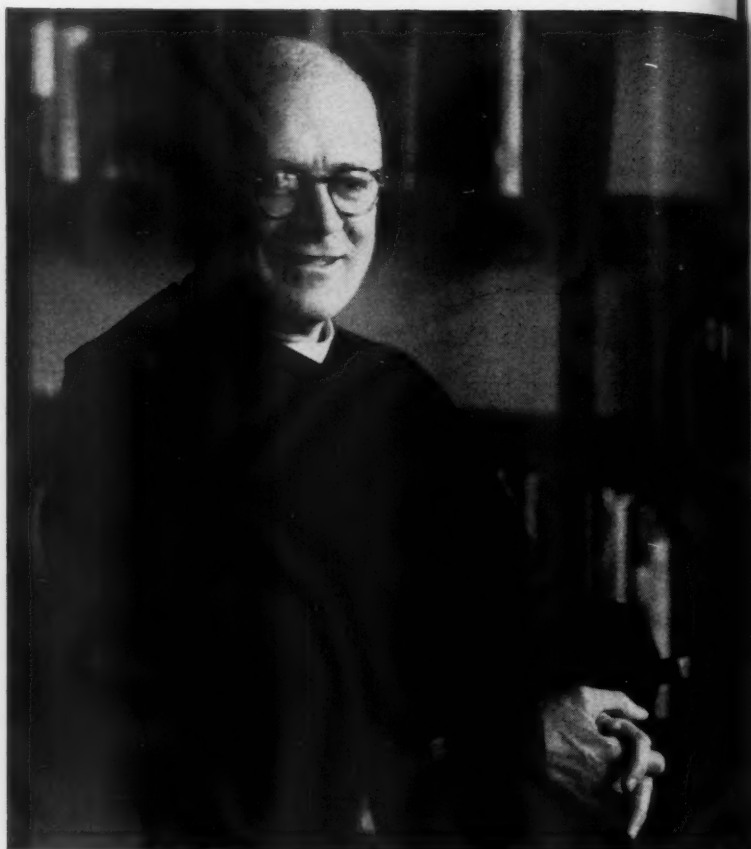
Gerald Sullivan: classics department



Dom van Winkle: headmaster, science



J.P. Cosnard des Closets: languages



Dom Aelred Graham: education's function is to provide a vision by which to live

The close link between teachers and boys in classroom to many school activities

The head of this institution of moral, intellectual, and physical well-being is Dom Aelred Graham, scholar, author, and monk. An educator who has thought long and deeply about the function of his profession, Dom Graham has set down his beliefs in an engaging manner in *Christian Thought and Action* (Harcourt, Brace \$5). Here is but one passage:

"Even in youth, certainly at the opening of manhood or womanhood, the mind is seeking to bring together the elements of a unified view of the world. This can be found only in an integral Catholicism, enlightening the intelligence to its fullest capacity and providing thereby the strongest motives for action to the will. To concern himself or herself with this

is, surely, the one ultimate business of the Christian educator.... The greater the capacity for genuine thought—and there is evidence to show that it is not as rare among the young as it is sometimes supposed—the more is it accompanied by teachableness and intellectual humility."

This concept of maturity presides at Portsmouth Priory where there is a heavy emphasis on developing the mind through languages, ancient and modern. Greek is recommended to all boys who show a proficiency in Latin; in such courses they start to see the influence of ancient thought on the Western mind. The classics are not just included in the Portsmouth curriculum, rather Portsmouth exists to teach them so that



Portsmouth study hall leads to prestige universities. Harvard, Georgetown, Yale, Princeton are main choices

extends past the

its students can begin their plunge to the roots of our culture. The modern languages, French, German, and Spanish, are stressed along with an English course which attempts to develop a taste in reading. In this humanistic atmosphere, it would be false to think that mathematics and the sciences are relegated to the side lines; some of the students advance to college work in these fields before leaving Portsmouth. But individual subjects are folded into the production of a useful member of society. As Dom Graham puts it:

"We have to show, not merely in such things as art and science, literature and music, but in life itself, how to choose the better and reject the worse."



Exploring boys' interests leads to responsibility. Radio club is one avenue



After 70 years, a beloved college president recounts her girls

by **SISTER M. MADELEVA**

ONCE, AT THE END of a year in Europe, I asked another Sister who was accompanying me, "What have you missed most from home this year?" I don't remember her answer, but mine was, "Not the coffee and not the plumbing. What I have missed most is the American girl." I believe that I would have the same answer today.

All but six of these my first seventy years have been spent in school, more than fifty in boarding school, living with, breaking bread with American girls, not by the dozen but the thousands. Since I have traded myself in to God for all potential daughters, He has given me this family of girls to live with and for, and to love.

Let me name just a sampling: the little, brown-eyed girl who used to dress up in her mother's wedding dress to write to me and who has never failed over forty years to send a Christmas candle; the pink-and-white girl who used to pick up spots of moonlight on the stair landings going up to bed; the

enigmatic girl for whom the law of contradiction did not exist and whom, for all that, I persisted in believing in. The mountain hikers, the wildflower lovers, the first robin girls know who they are. And so does the girl who never handed in her compositions, the one who always did, the girl who spelled *and* with two *d*'s; the two true loves who named their daughters "Madeleva," both eventually going through Saint Mary's as "Junior." Where is the friend who always brought a rose back from town, the one with whom I walked under an umbrella in the snow? Where are you, my dear, who shattered my world one day at lunch by asking innocently, "Sister, did you ever teach?"

And, Anne, do you remember your coming to my office, overwhelmed by a sense of duty, to ask, "Sister, I wonder if you know how dissatisfied the girls are with Saint Mary's."

"Well, Anne," I answered, "Perhaps I don't. But do you know how dissatisfied I am with Saint Mary's?"

"No one is half so dissatisfied as I!" "You," you exclaimed incredulously. Then I explained:

"Suppose that at eighteen you were all perfectly satisfied: what would you have to work for, to try for? Suppose that we were filled with complacency about school, what petrified big and little prigs we would be? Eighteen is the time at which to be dissatisfied, to be reaching out, to be looking up."

Sometimes, when asked how many students we have I answer facetiously,

"Over a thousand girls and seven thousand boys."

In many ways, the second half of my count is untrue. Many Notre Dame men are now married. Many more never come over to Saint Mary's campus. Their reasons are good and usually rest on common sense. But the presence of seven thousand college men on our horizon contributes subtly and, I am sure, very constructively to our world. We know it to be the ideal situation for social life, intercollegiate dramatics, music, debate.

I want to submit these few campus nephew friendships of my own. Twenty years ago a young law student from San Francisco came into my office with Sister Marie Rosaire. He was interested in printing and in Christian art. "Harry, why don't you begin by making some bookmarks, vertical, but good texts, good type, paper, design?" This was the beginning of the Berliner McGinnis printing business now located in Nevada City, California, and an authentic exponent of Christian art.

One day during the war, four servicemen, all non-Catholic, came over from Notre Dame to call. They had been students at Saint John's College, Annapolis. President Stringfellow Barr and Dean Scott Buchanan, both my good friends, had told them to come over for a visit. After a bit of small talk, I suggested that we discuss something serious, something up to the level of Saint John's; eschatology, for instance. The result of our talk on the four last things—death, judgment, hell, heaven—was more visits, fine stimulating discussion, and a gift from one of them of T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. Presently the boys left for overseas. One of them wrote, "Imagine my delight in picking up in a London bookshop the other day a beautiful edition of Saint Thomas' *Treatise on the Angels*. This was a not unhappy sequel to our talk on the four last things."

A Mother's Day brought me another quartet of Notre Dame boys. They

This article is a chapter from *My First Seventy Years* (Macmillan), the autobiography of **SISTER M. MADELEVA**, president of St. Mary's College, Ind., and nationally known poet. © Sister M. Madeleva 1959.

wanted copies of my verse for gifts to their mothers. After providing these, I said,

"I have a gift for each of you from your Mother also." I gave each a copy of Saint Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort's *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*.

More than a year later, I was called to the Great Hall. A handsome, Spanish-looking boy smiled at me.

"You don't remember me," he said.

"You gave us some books more than a year ago and we didn't pay you for them," he volunteered.

"I didn't expect you to. We charged that to administration," I explained.

"Have you any more of those books?" he asked, putting twenty dollars in my hand.

"You must have managed your allowance well to save all this," I commented.

"I wait on table," he said.

Until his graduation we negotiated with copies of Saint Louis de Montfort's classic, the distribution of which he made an apostolate among the students. After a brilliant graduate career in France, he retraced the journeys of Saint Paul and of Saint Thomas as far as Goa in India before returning to America to teach philosophy in one of our excellent Eastern colleges. This is a long Mother's Day story.

One other campus nephew you must meet. He came over at the end of freshman year to tell me that he was not returning to Notre Dame, that he was going to the University of Chicago to get into the Great Books course. He spoke with some satisfaction of the Great Books he had read: Plato, Aristotle, Saint Thomas.

"Have you read the greatest book, Michael? Have you read the Bible?"

"No," he stuttered.

"Have you a Bible?"

Again he stuttered, "No."

"Michael, don't come over again until you have got yourself a Bible and have begun reading it!"

He wrote during the vacation, reporting on having read the Bible, not once but twice; and returned to Notre Dame to finish in liberal arts.

With his military service fulfilled in Europe, his Doctorate in philosophy from a graduate school in France, he is now a Dominican Scholastic.

Four are a small but a good fraction of our seven thousand boys. I seem to have said overmuch for them in proportion to my girls. For these latter are mine by that divine CPA system by which God pays me back a hundredfold of His promises always and in all ways. For His reasons, which are mine and more, I love them, collectively and individually, every A, B, C, D and E girl

of them. The E's particularly. To the confusion of screening boards, what a surprising number of these dear young geese have grown into impressive, efficient Swans! Many of them are now well over thirty, over forty. Daughters of not a few are Saint Mary's graduates, Saint Mary's mothers. What did I teach them? I have for answer perhaps the most astounding revelation of my life.

Gladys had come back to school to visit. We had not seen each other for years. Falling into an old-fashioned pattern, we walked on the river bank. Gladys had been a slow student, not always able to separate fact from fancy.

"Sister," she said with conviction, "there is one thing that you taught us that I shall never forget."

I purred with satisfaction. She reasserted her statement, past all possibilities of doubt. She agreed with me, she said.

"What is this impressive truth, Gladys," I asked, "that I taught you that you will never forget?"

"Sister," she replied, "you taught us that there is no hell!"

Gladys, better informed, has now been with God these many years. God blessed her with a Jesuit son.

For the past twenty-five years the invisible but palpable screen of administration has obscured me from our students much more than them from me. Personal acquaintance with a thousand is impossible. The amenities of meals with seniors, conferences with student officers always leave us better friends than they found us. In convocations I try to convince all Saint Mary's girls that they will never be more intelligent than they are in college. They will add to their stature by putting over the

denominators of their intelligence the numerators of experience. This will change throughout their entire lives. I ask them to believe the boy friends who tell them that they are beautiful. Only the boys cannot know how beautiful they are or why. Being God's daughters they must resemble Him. Because He is beauty, they must be beautiful. This is not a cosmetic concession. It is a family duty. Sometimes at convocations I suggest that we take off our bodies and sit in our souls. The experience, however vicarious, has values.

Thinking of Sir James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel*, we put the boy friends in competition with their guardian angels. Crew cuts become less irresistible when seen in angelic light. By the same token, their own transcendence may suffer, set beside that of their own angels. Even so, watching them through the fugitive loveliness of their final teens, I wished that their parents could know their daughters as I do. Physical maternity and paternity are divine impelling forces of life. In her intellectual maternity, the religious teacher gives to her children the unique super-natural integrity of virginal love. Often, watching generations of girls living their four-year span of college life, I have quoted to myself Christopher Fry's:

"O, God, the fabulous wings unused
Folded in the heart"

following it with this other, describing superlatively Saint Mary's part in their upbringing:

"Lives make and unmake themselves in her neighborhood
As nowhere else."

APOLOGY FOR YOUTH

Sister
M. Madeleva,
C.S.C.

Stand at my window;
watch them pass:
a lass and a lad,
a lad and a lass.

This is a way
to go to school,
learning an olden,
golden rule.

They seek for wisdom
in a book;
then they look up
and look—and look.

And wonder, wonder
if, after all,
wisdom is so
reciprocal.

They ask for beauty,
ask for truth
who have no thought
to ask for youth.

Theirs are the earth,
the sea, the sky;
they sing; they dance;
they float; they fly.

Why do they hurry,
hurry so?
Can they or will they
or do they know?

They will earn some love;
they will learn some truth,
but never learn
nor earn back youth.

Stand at my window,
lad and lass;
let not this youth,
this young love pass.

Hold the wonder;
love the lore
you would one day change
the slow years for.



Grace Tully's 3 LIVES

The remarkable Grace Tully has led three lives, centering around the Church, the White House, and the Senate

by PAUL F. HEALY

WHEN IT COMES to working closely with the sources of great power, few, if any, women can match the career of Grace George Elizabeth Tully. From 1918 to 1928, Miss Tully was secretary to Bishop—later Cardinal—Hayes of New York. From 1928 until his death, she was secretary to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Since January, 1955, she has been executive assistant to Lyndon Johnson, Majority Leader of the Senate and the most influential Democrat in the United States.

Miss Tully not only had to learn the subtleties of three different kinds of power, Church, White House, and legislative. She had to learn the nuances of three distinctly different personalities, each forceful in its own way. Cardinal Hayes she remembers as being "very angelic, gentle, soft-spoken, and very kind." FDR of course was FDR, but to his secretary he was a person who was "always relaxed, or if he wasn't relaxed he didn't show it." Senator Johnson, in contrast, is *never* relaxed; he is a rangy Texan, restless, driving, brilliant, ingratiating, and sometimes arrogant. Unlike Cardinal Hayes and FDR, he has no hobbies—other than working himself and his staff beyond normal limits.

Grace Tully now sits at a desk in the office of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, just off the Senate chamber, at the beck and call of a man who has

been described by history student Harry S. Truman as the "most able and distinguished Senate leader" of all time.

"Grace is one of the great women I've known," says Johnson. "She does everything. She's my director of research, handles certain mail, even takes dictation if I need it. And I ask her for advice. She and my wife are my two best brains."

Her day starts and ends with Johnson's, meaning from about 9:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. But when the Senate is in night session, she works until the wee hours of the morning, or, as she puts it, "until the last dog is hung."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Grace Tully's career is that in forty years of being at the elbow of the mighty, she has apparently made no enemies. Among veteran newspapermen and politicians in Washington she is rated "tops." In her White House days, she was a buxom brunette with brilliant blue eyes, rosy skin, and a sharp Irish wit, gustily in love with life. The President called her "child." Eleanor Roosevelt called her "Tully." Press Secretary Steve Early called her "Gracious," and William Hassett, the veteran Presidential assistant who is a Catholic, called her "Lady Abbess." Today, Grace Tully is gray-haired and matronly-looking, but her full-throated laugh is as uninhibited and as infectious as ever.

As the person who was closest to FDR during his entire terms as governor and president, Miss Tully is of great interest to audiences around the nation. In addition to campaigning in Texas in 1956, she has made a large number of nonpolitical speeches. One of them was a description of the depression, for the benefit of the younger generation. Once, after she was interviewed on TV, the master of ceremonies malaproposed: "That was Grace Kelly you just heard." At the time, movie star Kelly was much in the news and Miss Tully later told Mrs. Johnson: "You're going to hear from a lot of people who'll say, 'That ain't the Grace Kelly we know.'"

In the question period after her talks, Miss Tully always is asked for the truth about various stories, legendary and otherwise, about Roosevelt. Also authors of Rooseveltiana often consult her on controversial points before committing themselves to publication. One publisher, who asked her to comment on a Roosevelt biography, was startled to receive a five-page, single-spaced reply listing fifty-four errors that the author had made.

Grace Tully calls the Tullys "an unquiet family of Irish origin, Democratic politics, and American spirit." Third oldest of four children, she has a brother, Father James F. Tully Jr., pastor of St. Mary's Church, Washingtonville, N.Y.; two sisters, Alice, now



Grace Tully with President Roosevelt as he began historic third term, March 4, 1941. Other staff members: Marvin McIntyre, left, Stephen T. Early, Edwin M. Watson

Grace Tully today is Executive Assistant to Senator Lyndon Johnson

Mrs. Harold Sinton, and Paula, now Mrs. Charles Rollin Larrabee, both of Washington, D.C.

Their father, James F. Tully, who died when Grace was young, and his father had been financially successful wholesalers on Staten Island. Their mother, the former Alice Lee Galligan, was a beautiful actress on the stage and raised the children largely by herself. "We were taught to pray, to be self-reliant, and to stick together," she recalls. "We worked while we studied and we gave one another—as well as others—the respect we hoped to have ourselves."

Grace was named after Grace George, the famous stage actress who was a close friend of her mother. She was born in Bayonne, N.J., and at the age of three was entered in St. Vincent's, a boarding school in Newark. She also attended Ladycliff-on-the-Hudson, Mrs. Disbrow's at Easton, Penna., Our Lady of Lourdes at Washington Heights, N.Y., and the Convent of the Holy Child in New York City.

Her sister, Paula, followed her mother on to the stage but Grace says proudly that she herself was a "better pitcher than an actress." In fact, she could play baseball better than some of her male contemporaries. She pitched for P.S. 186 when she attended summer school there.

After high school, she went on to the Grace Institute for Business Training,

a school endowed by the Grace steamship family and conducted by the Sisters of Charity. But in the spring of 1918, before she completed her course, Mother Borromeo, principal of the school, asked her if she would like to work for the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes at St. Stephen's rectory. He was then auxiliary bishop of New York and bishop-chaplain of the Army and Navy. He became an archbishop in 1919 and a cardinal in 1924 and was known as the "father of the Catholic Charities."

Cardinal Hayes was not a good administrator, but he knew how to get people to work for him. Managing his office was a "born executive," the late Father Joseph P. Dineen, who, Miss Tully says, taught her "in a practical sense the fundamentals of secretarial conduct." Her development as a highly efficient administrator for FDR can be traced to this training under so meticulous and tough a boss.

Miss Tully also began to make her first acquaintance with big names. Cardinals O'Connell of Boston and Mundelein of Chicago came to the bishop-chaplain's office, as well as the celebrated Father Duffy, of New York's

colorful "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" regiment, and bishops from all over the United States who had military installations in their diocese.

The secretarial novice discovered she had to have talents that were not taught at Grace Institute. Bishop Hayes always prepared his sermons in advance and at great length; and he dictated them slowly. Then he would lean back, close his eyes, and ask Grace Tully to "deliver" them—not just reading back her notes but preaching—with warm feeling—as if she were in the pulpit.

"If it did not sound that way, he might consider it his fault—or mine," she recalls with a chuckle. Despite her acting heritage, intoning a sermon was not easy for Miss Tully, who normally rattles off her words so fast that she has been called a "female Floyd Gibbons."

Miss Tully recalls that she learned a lot of philosophy working this painstakingly with the Cardinal, but the outward tranquillity of the routine began to pall on her fiery nature after ten years. She wanted some excitement. Politics was in her blood—her grandfather had been a Democratic leader in Richmond county and she herself had long been an aggressive admirer of Al Smith. So in 1928 she applied for a job at the Democratic National Committee headquarters in New York.

She had originally resolved never to work for a woman, but when she was

PAUL F. HEALY has published many articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Coronet* and other magazines. For the past twelve years, he has been Washington correspondent for the *New York Daily News*.

offered a position as secretary to Eleanor Roosevelt she accepted with the assurance she could have another spot if that one did not prove mutually satisfactory. As it turned out, she found Mrs. Roosevelt a considerate person to work for. But during FDR's campaign for the governorship in New York in 1928, Miss Tully divided her time between national committee work and the candidate himself. Even before election night, Roosevelt asked her to stay on with him regardless of the outcome. Her job was to take some of the load off the beloved "Missy" Marguerite LeHand, who had been with FDR since 1920. As the years went on, Miss Tully was to take over much of the real work of "Missy," who was less robust. She died in 1944.

FDR dictated to Grace Tully nearly all the speeches he made between 1928 and his death. He worked from a bridge table, his head resting against the back of the chair and his feet on a footstool. He would say to Miss Tully, "I want to think out loud," and he would do it smoothly for eight or ten legal-sized sheets of paper. This became the starting point—and usually the basic pattern—of the speech finally worked out by himself and his speech-writers.

To suggestions that he use a dictaphone, FDR replied that he liked to have an instant human reaction to what he was saying—in other words, to see his secretary's face. Dictating off-the-cuff, he would employ the same inflections, timing, and emphasis that became familiar to the world. As he did so, he studied Grace's expression closely.

She was not good at being deadpan, and if he detected a negative facial response, he would halt and say, "Now, what's wrong with that?" Later, he would mention worriedly to his aides as they went over his text, "Grace didn't like that." If she liked something he said, she would beam and the President might chuckle. "That's not bad, if I do say so myself."

When FDR dictated his unforgettable ridicule of personal attacks on "my little dog Fala," Grace Tully recalls that she exclaimed, "That's wonderful!" and he was delighted. Delivered before the Teamsters Union in Washington in 1940, this is considered one of the most devastating campaign speeches in history. Politicos now feel that it "laughed Tom Dewey (the Republican nominee) right out of the campaign."

From the beginning, she found FDR easy to work with. She never stood in awe of him. Merriman Smith, veteran White House correspondent for the United Press, says: "She was never scared of FDR, but I think there were

times when he was scared of her."

"I always argued with him," Miss Tully recalls. "Being Irish, I couldn't help it. He seemed to like that. But he liked to tease me a lot."

A great deal of good-natured kidding went on—about religion, about the Irish and Dutch, about the names he couldn't remember. When he wanted to let her know that everything was going well, he would buzz a little tune to her on the bell connected with her office. When he'd had a busy day, the President would often quip to his secretary: "Papa was very executive today!"

Once, in the winter of 1932-33, when Grace Tully was convalescing from a bout with tuberculosis, he diverted his entourage from his home at Hyde Park, N.Y., to her sickroom at Roscoe, N.Y. One of the newsmen who accompanied the party and waited outside recalls, "I never heard such laughter as came out of that place."

Grace Tully was as popular with the press as she was with her boss. On the road, she attended—and usually dominated—press parties that sometimes ran well past midnight.

"You gravitated to Grace," recalls Francis M. Stephenson, White House correspondent for the *New York News* who was then with the Associated Press. "She was always on top of the ball—in fact, usually ahead of the rest of us. We never got anything out of her, but I think she got plenty out of us. FDR used to like to know *everything* that was going on."

Grace Tully had many beaux and many proposals of marriage. But on the subject of whether she ever came close to marriage, she says only, "I never

said 'yes.'" One reason, she admits, that she had to take care of her mother who died in 1949.

Miss Tully's most memorable day in the White House, understandably, was December 7, 1941. She was reading the Sunday papers at home that morning when the White House switchboard summoned her frantically. A limousine picked her up and sped her to the White House in twenty minutes. Immediately she found herself taking the fragmentary and shocking reports from the Navy Department over the telephone, typing them up, and relaying them to "the Boss." To avoid the noise and confusion, she worked in the President's bedroom, and virtually the entire echelon of FDR's top aids crowded around her as she transcribed her notes.

Miss Tully was in the "Little White House" at Warm Springs, Georgia, when "the Boss" she so intensely admired died suddenly in April, 1945.

"My reaction of the moment was one of complete lack of emotion," she wrote later in her book. "It was as if my whole mind and sense of feeling had been swept away. The shock was unexpected and the actuality of the event was outside belief. Without a word or glance toward the others present, I walked into the bedroom, leaned over, and kissed the President lightly on the forehead. Then I walked out on the porch and stood wordless and tearless. In my heart were prayers, and, finally, in my mind came thoughts, a flood of them drawn from seventeen years of acquaintance, close association, and reverent admiration. Through them, one recurred constantly—that the Boss had always shunned emotionalism and that I must, for the immediate present at least, behave in his pattern. I did, for a matter of hours."

FDR left a memo in which he designated White House counsel Sam Rosenman, Harry Hopkins, and Grace Tully as a committee to decide which of his papers should not be made available to the public for the time being. (They put about fifteen per cent in that category.) After that, she served for six years as executive secretary of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Foundation before going to Senator Johnson's office.

FDR, like others in positions of great power, needed someone he could trust and rely on and who didn't want anything from him. He had reached out instinctively for Grace Tully. She herself believes that a good secretary should have tact, discretion, and the ability to concentrate on the job at hand, but, above all else, "loyalty to her boss." The Cardinal, the President, and the Senator all found out that "loyal" is the word for Grace Tully.

NO SUPPLE WILLOW I

No supple willow I
Who inwardly still cry,
When with Your lashing love
You whip, as I defy.

This discipline You spend
To make my spirit bend
Rebukes the flesh it flays.
I know what You intend.

The stinging not yet sweet
My spirit must defeat,
And welcome as You did
The nails that split Your feet.

— BETTY RIVERA

WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Something Humorous

SOMEONE WROTE RECENTLY to say I had been serious too long on this page: how about a little humor for a change? Willing to please, I tried to think of something humorous and, after cogitation, am offering the following account. I am sure it breathes the comic spirit, though it took awhile for me to realize it. Anyway, it is a true story and strictly autobiographical.

For many years I read with awe about the winners of slogans—for dog food, tires, or maybe a good cause. I marveled at the way a Mamie Swift or a Claude Burns won a fur stole or a Chevrolet or an island—and not just by buying a ticket and drawing a lucky number for Ireland or a church fair. No, these unknown authors had used their brains and tersely, succinctly, set down limericks or couplets that brought a wonderful prize.

Sometimes I worked at a phrase or a verse, but I knew I'd never make the grade. Books, yes, and articles and poetry—these I had done. But a successful slogan was not, I felt, in me. Nor did I ever expect to be a part of the writing of slogans until one fateful day when I gave a donation to a Foundation. The two dollars included, I was told, the right to send in a slogan and compete for prizes. In fact, the person who sold me the ticket also sold me on the idea that it was up to me to give them a slogan too.

There was a sheet with a list of prizes—a trip to Europe (plane or ship) or some thousands of dollars if you got air-sick or seasick and wanted to stay home; and lesser prizes, among them strings of pearls of varying values, cultured, less cultured, ranging in value, said the statement, from three hundred dollars, very cultured, to ten dollars for the uneducated kind. And so, reluctant, yet feeling I ought to do it, my moving fingers wrote a slogan. After the passing of some years I have entirely forgotten how it ran, but never, never have I forgotten the events to which it led.

A Winner

ONE DAY I RECEIVED A LETTER with the Foundation's address and thought unhappily. "Oh dear, one more touch for funds." I tore open the envelope carelessly, and what should my wondering eyes behold but the incredible news that I had won one of the necklaces. And not the plain kind, either: I had won one of the most cultured. Dizzy with delight, I showed the letter to my equally amazed family, to whom my books are just more books and my poetry lines with capitals in the front. They read this new work of mine.

"Look, it rhymes," said one grandchild and went around the room chanting it. I listened admiringly: it did rhyme. It had meter. But last week I asked him if he could still recite it and he had forgotten it too.

The letter went on to say that in due time I would receive my prize. I all but felt the pearls already about my neck instead of the three-ninety-five ones then encircling it.

After some weeks another letter came: there had been errors in assigning the prizes. It would take a little while to get everything straightened out—please wait for further

word. The first dull fear assailed me. I knew it had been too good to be true.

More time went by. Another letter came and this one made me feel badly, but chiefly for the Foundation. There had been enough money collected for some of the prizes, said the letter, but not enough for all. The trips were safe, for they had been donated, but some of the prizes, like the pearls, had to be bought. There was just a hint of disaster, of rocks ahead. But there was also the request to stand by. So I stood by until the next letter came and that one all but floored me. I cannot now quote it exactly, but it was to the effect that a mistake had been made: I learned I was not the brilliant winner of a very cultured string of pearls but the commonplace winner of an inferior one; the words were politer but that was the general tenor. I don't know which was more upsetting—winning the best and knowing you were up among the élite of slogandom or being pulled down to the ranks of uncultured winners. I spared my family the details, though now and then one would remember that I had won something, hadn't I? When was it coming? Delicately I parried and answered nonchalantly. After all, I had my pride.

At Long Last

FINALLY ONE DAY a small package came—first class but not insured. I opened it, expecting a new dessert sample or a bar of soap that made your hands like lilies and roses. What I saw was my pearls at long, long last. There was a letter too. It all but accused me of not being a good sport about things. That really cut, for I had not opened my mouth to say anything; I had let my slogan speak for me. The tenor of the letter was: what did I expect? It was not their fault that I had not won the best, was it? The letter added that here was what I had won and it was hoped I would like it. As if in invisible ink my broken ego seemed to read, "And the back of our hand to you for all the trouble you have put us to." But maybe I am just the sensitive type.

There as another enclosure—a slip on which I could write my name and address and, if I wished, enclose a donation to the Foundation. No word about slogans this time—at least not to me.

I looked at the pearls after I finished the letter. They were very light; they were suspiciously pearly. But they looked rather nice when I put them on, though I did not care much for the sparkling diamond clasp. A few weeks later as I clasped them about my neck they disintegrated. The string broke; the beads scattered. Some were taken up by the vacuum; some I put in the wastebasket.

I have avoided slogan writing since then, lest I win another prize and this time get sued for it. I am like the little boy who was going to have a birthday party and instead on that day was having his tonsils out. Afterward the nurse brought him a big dish of ice cream. Home again, his mother suggested that the delayed party now take place, but he looked alarmed. "Oh, no, I've had my party," he said.

And so with me. I wrote a slogan. I won a prize. I've had my party.

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGN POST

Third Order

What is the Third Order of St. Francis? When I have finished reading my Catholic magazines and newspapers, what should I do with them?—V. Y., GIRARD, OHIO.



Third Orders Secular are officially recognized groups of men and women who endeavor to pattern their lives according to the spirit of the canonized founders of certain religious orders, such as St. Dominic, St. Benedict, St. Francis. Such groups are referred to as "third" orders, in relation to the previously existing orders of priests and nuns founded by the same saint. They are classified as third orders "secular," because—unlike the priests and nuns—they are not bound by vows and continue to live in settings typical of the laity. Whether married or unmarried, they follow a Rule of Life adapted to their circumstances and approved by the Holy See. Faithful "tertiaries" or third order members are entitled to burial in the religious habit or garb. In addition to the Dominicans, Benedictines, and Franciscans, third order membership or the equivalent is available under the leadership of the Carmelites, Augustinians, Premonstratensians, Servites, and Trinitarians. For information as to the Third Order of St. Francis center nearest to you, write to St. Francis' Monastery, 135 W. 31 St., New York 1, N. Y. Membership in a third order is much to be recommended.

As to the disposal of your Catholic literature, your own idea is very practical—send it to the Catholic chaplain of the prison. You might also include a hospital, a home for the aged, and the Apostleship of the Sea.

Follow-Ups

Please list some reading material to supplement my own talks when I tell my children the "facts of life." And a good book on the married state.—R. L., LONG BRANCH, N. J.

The following can be ordered through THE SIGN: for the adolescent boy, *Christian Youth and Chastity*, by Kelly, S. J.; for a girl, *Growing Up*, by a Catholic woman doctor; for adults, *Marriage, Morals, and Medical Ethics*, by Good & Kelly—a physician and a priest-physician; also *The Catholic Marriage Manual*, by Rev. George A. Kelly.

Unsound Investment

Am hopelessly buried under a multitude of mortal sins. But to edify my five children, I have resumed the reception of Holy Communion.—R. McK., AKRON, OHIO.

Aside from a reference to your husband as a nonpracticing Catholic, you do not hint as to what your problem is. Possibly, you are not as guilty as you fear. The only reliable way to settle your conscience is to seek the advice of your confessor. If seriously guilty, there is only one course to pursue—sincere contrition and consistent amendment. Discontinuance of Holy Communion is not an alternative. You

are obliged so to live that you are entitled to receive the Eucharist. There could be no investment in the edification of your children more unsound than sacrilegious Communion. You cannot hope to help your children along the highroad to heaven by scuffling along the lowroad to hell. For thirty years you lived in the grace of God. That same divine help will enlighten and encourage you to regain your good standing with your Creator, Saviour, and Judge.

Dispensation: Indulgence

a) How far back do indulgences date? By whose authority are they granted? b) Aside from the sick, how come the bishop can dispense some from fast and abstinence, while others are not dispensed?—G. G., NICHOLS, N. Y.

An indulgence is not, as so many non-Catholics suppose, a permission to commit sin, nor is it a pardon for sins committed. An indulgence is a remission or commutation of the punishment due for sins already forgiven. The punishment remitted in whole or in part is the temporal or temporary sanction incurred by sin. This exercise of mercy dates back to the days of the Apostles and is authorized by the "power of the keys" bestowed by Christ upon the Apostles and their successors—a divine authorization to "bind and loose." "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16:19. Also, 18:18) When so specified, indulgences gained by the living can be applied to the souls of the departed.

b) A dispensation is the relaxation of a law, in particular cases, granted for a sufficient reason by competent authority. Within his diocese, a bishop has that competence. A sick person may be so ill as not to need a dispensation, so ill that the law does not apply to him at all. For the granting of a dispensation, a grave reason is not always required—any sensible reason can be sufficient. Examples are civil holidays occurring on a day of fast or/and abstinence, when a dispensation is granted to all. A wedding feast or the like would be sufficient reason for granting a dispensation to a limited group. The fact of the dispensation and the reason for it should be duly announced, so that those who enjoy it may do so with a good conscience and to avoid disedification or scandal to others.

"Time To Retreat"

I know that running away never solved anything, but I am at the breaking point. How can I renew my spiritual vigor and also help my family?—M. B., MALDEN, MASS.

You and your younger sister deserve much admiration for your spunk in persevering as good Catholics in so un-Catholic a setting. Your mother a convert, she and your father fallen-away Catholics who have not been to church for twenty years, most of your brothers and sisters "like father," "like mother." To what extent you may influence the rest of the family remains to be seen. Aside from that, your first obliga-

tion is to yourself—your own spiritual stability. We recommend that you discuss your ramified problem with your parish priest. You can improve your religious education at the Catholic Information Center, Park St., Boston. To renew your spiritual vitality, why not spend a few days in retreat, over a weekend or at some other convenient time? Contact the Cenacle Sisters' Retreat House at Brighton, And, if possible, take your younger sister with you. Most of your family are starving to death, spiritually. Through little or no fault of your own, you are suffering from malnutrition, but your appetite is normal.

Yes: No

a) Is it all right to give the children meat on Fridays, if they are under six years of age? b) Am I right in thinking of the Father as the greatest, with the Son as second in greatness, and the Holy Ghost as third?—F. S., GETTYSBURG, Pa.

a) The Church's law of abstinence applies to those only who have completed their seventh year of age. From then on, it is a lifetime law.

b) To say that one person is greater than another, on any score, is to bespeak superiority for the one and inferiority for the other. Since the three distinct Persons of the Divine Trinity are equal in perfection, it is inconsistent and incorrect to speak or think of one as greater than another. It is recorded by John (14:28) that Christ said: "The Father is greater than I." In so testifying, Christ made a comparison between the Father's divine nature and His own human nature. But the Son has also a divine nature—numerically one and the very same divine nature as the Father. Hence, except on the score of His human nature, the Son is co-equal with the Father. Our salvation is equally of "Father, Son, and Spirit."

From your letter, we suspect that the reason for the confusion in your mind is that you are trying to think of the Divine Family in terms which apply to the human family. In the case of created persons, a father must antedate his son. But even in this world of ours, there are many instances of two or more things occurring at one and the same time—simultaneously. For example, the spurting of several jets of water and the same fountain, the growth of three shamrock leaves—on the score of timing, all are co-equal. In a much more perfect way—divinely—all three Persons of the Trinity are co-eternal. No one Person antedates another or depends upon another.

If the Divine Persons were not so different from us, they would not be so perfect. In the earliest days of Christianity, most of the heresies were occasioned by those who tried to think of the human family and the Divine Family in identically the same terms and who whittled the full, unqualified divinity of the Son or the Spirit. Our intellectual guide should be—not mere human ingenuity—but the light of divine revelation.

Scruples

Please tell me whether or not I am scrupulous. If so, how can I get back to normal?—S. S., ATHOL, MASS.

As a unit of apothecaries' weight, a scruple is one-third of a dram, or twenty grains. Because the term "scruple" indicates a tiny, minute quantity it is often used of a person who is attentive to minute details. Thus, we speak of someone as scrupulously clean. A person who is spiritually or morally scrupulous is like a man who, instead of reading with the naked eye or eyeglasses, brings to bear a magnifying glass.

He imagines sin when there is none and consistently mistakes venial for mortal sin. He looks backward over the past with dejection and forward to the future with dread. Do you not recognize the pen-picture of yourself?

Do not be discouraged! Prevalent though laxity is, you would be surprised to know how many suffer from scrupulosity. You are neither deranged nor hopeless. But you may become so unless you have recourse to the basic remedy—unconditional surrender to the advice of your confessor. Do this and when your mind is somewhat rested, you will see for yourself how exaggerated your fears have been, how unfair your self-accusations.

Somersault

The man who has been providing my maintenance wants to divorce his wife and marry me. But that is no solution for me. What is?—H. K., EL PASO, TEXAS.

You complain of twenty-three years of despair and prayers. But aside from your fidelity to Sunday Mass, most of your life has been a record of infidelity. Only sincere prayers deserve to be heard by God. "Not everyone who saith to Me: 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of My Father." (Matt. 7:21) There is only one solution—a somersault in the right direction. Then you will be in a position to pray sincerely and to return to the sacraments.

Obligation to Pray

Why is there so much harping on our obligation to pray? Just what is our obligation along that line?—J. S., DENVER, CO.



To harp on a subject means to dwell upon it persistently, even to the point of tedium. The obligation of every individual to pray is so important that it should be dwelt upon persistently. It is only normal that there be a telepathy of a sort between every intelligent creature and his Maker. Neither atheism nor agnosticism is logical. But aside from the atheist or the agnostic, it is most illogical that anyone else ignore God. We do ignore Him to the extent that we neglect to direct our minds and hearts to Him. Prayer should be spontaneous and should come easy to us, because it entails nothing more than thinking about God and talking to Him about Himself and ourselves. Those who do not pray act toward God as toward an absent stranger of no account.

The over-all purpose of our prayers should be the same as the purpose of the sacrifice of the Mass—to adore God as the one and only Supreme Being, to thank God as Divine Providence, to make amends for our disloyalties to Him, to petition for needs of soul and body for ourselves and others. Similarly, parents should not have to take for granted that the attitudes of their children are normal—they expect the children to speak their minds. The child who never voices respect or appreciation or regret or devotion is not normal. "You have not because you ask not. You ask and receive not, because you ask amiss." (James 4:2, 3).

Our most basic obligations are to pray with the priest, during the sacrifice of the Mass, on Sundays and holydays, and on the occasion of our Easter confession and Holy Communion. But it would be absurd to confine our prayers to those annual and weekly occasions. For every flicker of an eyelid, every breath we draw, every heartbeat, we depend upon the sustaining power of God. It is only fitting to pray to God every morning early and at day's end. In Catholic

schools, children are taught the "morning offering," which is a simple formula whereby we consecrate to God every thought, word, and action of the day. Most of us are humble enough to admit that, at day's end, there is call for an act of contrition. There are several Catholic, traditional practices, tending to foster a prayerful spirit, which are slipping into desuetude, such as the recitation of the family rosary, grace before and after meals, the Angelus. People with time to spare pass a church or chapel; they believe the Real Presence, but because they do not realize their faith, they keep on going. There is a decided advantage to a "rule of life," such as the schedule followed in a convent or seminary or monastery, or by a member of a Third Order. Time is allotted and specified for a response to God's expectation: "We ought always to pray." (Luke 18:1) St. Paul expresses very aptly the telepathy which should be habitual to us: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. 10:31)

Freemasonry

Why does the Church take such a strong stand against the Masons? Don't the Knights of Columbus, too, take secret vows?—A. P., CLAY, N. Y.; C. C., JERSEY CITY, N. J.



Until doomsday, we expect, there will be more or less lack of understanding as to the Church's attitude toward Freemasonry. According to Church Law, those who join a Masonic sect or other societies of the same sort, which plot against the Church or legitimate civil authority, automatically incur an excommunication reserved to the Holy See. (Canon 2335) The Masons originated in London, in 1717, as a secret political society and were many times condemned by civil governments as a public menace.

It is impossible that a political philosophy be religiously neutral—it is bound to be moral or immoral. Patriotism and loyalty are moral; treachery and treason are immoral. Even within the sphere of the political it is the right and duty of the Church to commend the one and to condemn the other. Masonry is more than a mere political philosophy—it is an out-and-out antireligious philosophy—dyed-in-the-wool naturalism. Despite Masonic lip service to the "Great Architect of the Universe," naturalism outlaws all divine revelation as a guide to human reason. Logically, all men are religious freethinkers: Old Testament and New are worthless. Is it any wonder that Catholicity has been the pet hatred of Freemasonry?

The encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII on the subject of Freemasonry will never be out of date. We urge that you read it, at your nearest public or Catholic library. We recommend also *Christianity and American Freemasonry*, by Whalen. We realize that very many Masons, who know their organization merely as a fraternal and philanthropic society, are above reproach personally. Like innocent fellow travelers of the Communists, they are in the dark as to the ulterior purpose of their antireligious leaders.

As for the so-called vow of the Knights of Columbus, write to their headquarters at New Haven, Conn., for a copy of "Knights of Columbus vs. Criminal Libel and Malicious Bigotry." From the viewpoint of both patriotism and religion, the Knights' pledge is the antithesis of Masonic philosophy. The text of that pledge follows: "I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and a Knight of Columbus, to enlighten myself fully upon my duties as a citizen and to conscientiously perform such duties entirely in the interest of my country, regardless of all personal consequences. I pledge myself to do

all in my power to preserve the purity and integrity of the ballot and to promote reverence and respect for law and order. I promise to practice my religion openly and consistently, but without ostentation, and so to conduct myself in public affairs and in the exercise of public virtue as to reflect nothing but credit upon our Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish and our country prosper to the greater honor and glory of God."

Crossroad

Am a senior at a Catholic college. For well over a year have experienced a decided attraction for the priesthood, but a personal problem may be incompatible.—A. B., WATERBURY, CONN.

Now that you are at the crossroad of your life, you need discerning, foolproof advice. Your inquiry is typical of many. It would be unfair all around to venture to advise you. The only one competent to do so is your regular confessor, who knows you thoroughly. No prospective candidate for the priesthood or the religious life should be bereft of the direction of a steady confessor. It is quite possible your problem is more soluble than you dare hope. Regardless of whether you enter a seminary, it should be come to grips with.

Fisherman's Ring

A news reporter wrote to the effect that the Fisherman's Ring is broken by the death of the Pope and mended by the election of his successor. Was it a case of figurative language?—M. R., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

The Fisherman's Ring is a signet ring, engraved with an image of St. Peter fishing from a boat and encircled with the name of the reigning Vicar of Christ. It is used to seal certain papal documents. Upon the death of a Pope, it is broken up and recast for his successor.

Stunned!

In your September "Sign Post," you chided a teen-age girl for attending dances at a Jewish temple. May I respectfully remind you that Our Lord, Jesus Christ, and His Mother are Jews?—S. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.

You expect that your reminder will have little influence on the thinking of the editor of "Sign Post," as a Passionist. You recall that St. Ignatius said time and again, in words to this effect—"More than anything else in the world, would that I had been born a Jew, so that I could be related to my Lord Jesus by blood." You refer to yourself as a devout and stunned Catholic. We trust that you do not classify us as anti-Semitic. As a Vicar of Christ stated, we are Semites, spiritually, in the sense that with the one-time Chosen People, we share the Old Testament. Logically, they cannot accept the New Testament any more than they accepted Christ. On Good Friday especially, the Church prays liturgically for the Jews, among others who are outside the Fold. The marriage of a Catholic to a non-Catholic Christian is only tolerated. The marriage of a Catholic to a Jew is tolerated even more reluctantly. Considering the discretion and conservatism of the Church in such matters, logic suggests that we should not encourage an habitual social mingling among young Catholics and non-Catholics—so likely, as it is, to culminate in marriage. For your consolation, it means more to Our Lord and it is more important for you that you are related to Him supernaturally by grace, rather than merely by racial blood.

BOOK REVIEWS

MY FIRST SEVENTY YEARS

By Sister M. Madeleva, C. S. C.
Macmillan. 176 pages. \$3.50

In a modest Forward, Sister Madeleva warns: "You may find this book disappointing. The chronicle of my three-score years and ten is not a story of a nun on her *prie-dieu*. It does not move in an atmosphere of pink and blue devotions." She also says that she must remain silent about her profoundest feelings. This introduction calls to mind "The Prioress's Invocation" in the *Canterbury Tales* of her beloved Chaucer: "Wherefore in praise, as best I can . . . I will do my best to tell a story." Sister Madeleva's host of friends and admirers will not be disappointed in this book, and as for her profoundest thoughts, many of these have been expressed in the passionate beauty of her poetry, especially in the sequence "The King's Secret."



Sister Madeleva

President of Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, for the last twenty-five years, poet, scholar, lecturer, friend and confidant to her "one thousand girls" and the neighboring University of Notre Dame's "seven thousand boys," Sister Madeleva is indeed a remarkable lady. Born Mary Evaline Wolff, she was the daughter of a German immigrant father who settled in a small Wisconsin town as a harness maker. At seventeen, Eva Wolff entered the University of Wisconsin. There were no Catholic colleges for women in that part of the country. On her summer vacation, however, she saw an advertisement in a magazine about Saint Mary's College in Indiana.

For two years at Saint Mary's she was a bit of a rebel, confused and "at odds with ambiguities." But after making her first Retreat, she began to realize that what she craved was the life of a religious. After she served apprenticeship as a teacher in the order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, her superiors recognized her unusual aptitude for intellectual pursuits. Then came post-graduate courses and degrees from the University of California and Oxford.

As a school administrator at Saint Mary-of-the-Wasatch and later at her present post, Sister Madeleva accomplished wonders. Probably her proudest

boast is the part she played in helping to establish the School of Sacred Theology at Saint Mary's, to which students have come from Europe and India. The acknowledged "Lady Abbess" of contemporary nun poets, her intensity of expression and bold imagery astonished critics who had become resigned to the tradition of uninspired pietistic verse.

Anyone who has known Sister Madeleva or heard her lecture will recognize her accent in this book and the many striking facets of her vivid personality. Considering that this book must have been written in hours snatched from crowded duties, it is remarkable that the lyric content is so high. Her glancing wit and general perspicacity are always evident. In speaking of a period of her life when she faced new beginnings, Sister Made-

leva refers to this time as "a life spent on tiptoe." That seems an apt description of most of her life, except of course, as she would hasten to remind us, when she was on her knees.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

JEAN LEFEBVRE DE CHEVERUS

By Annabelle M. Melville. 527 pages.
Bruce. \$9.00

Jean Lefebvre de Cheverus, "The Little Bishop of Boston," received probably his finest tribute from an illustrious Protestant divine, William Ellery Channing, in 1829: "This good man lived



A. M. Melville

in the midst of us, devoting his days and nights, and his whole heart, to the service of a poor and uneducated congregation. We saw him often declining the society of the cultivated and refined that he might be the friend of the ignorant and friendless; and never discovering by the faintest indication that he felt his fine mind degraded by his seemingly humble office. This good man, bent on his errands of mercy, was seen in our streets under the most burning suns of summer and the fiercest storms of winter, as if armed against the elements by the power of charity . . ."

It was not an accident that such a tribute should be paid to Bishop Cheverus by a Protestant minister. For though Cheverus was to return to his native land, become a Cardinal and a peer of France, yet the moral monument he raised to tolerance and understanding in a land hard-bitten with bigotry always remained his finest achievement.

Unquestionably, Dr. Melville has here produced the most definitive of the many biographies of Cheverus. She has put into the work exhaustive research and careful scholarship. Cheverus is seen in the perspective of some of the most challenging periods of modern history, and the book is appropriately timed to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Boston archdiocese. It coincides, too, with a further honor to this archdiocese in the elevation of Cheverus' most recent successor, Archbishop Cushing, to the Cardinalate. The book is as fascinating as it is important.

VICTOR J. NEWTON.

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65



AND YET SO NEW

by Arnold Lunn

Inappropriately enough, this delightful book will be published on Ash Wednesday. In it the author of *Now I See* looks at his latest twenty years of travel (he is one of the few people who ever succeeded in luring Msgr. Knox abroad), mountaineering, cheerful controversy and great friendships. Feb. 11th. **\$3.75**

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As you would guess, Dom Hubert's accent is on simplicity in prayer: just enough system to help, never so much that it makes speaking to God more difficult instead of easier. This is a choice of the Thomas More Book Club and of the Spiritual Book Associates. Ready on Feb. 25th. **\$2.50**

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For a Lenten reading list, write to Teresa MacGill at—

SHEED & WARD New York 3

THE ENEMIES OF LOVE

By Dom Aelred Watkins. 118 pages. Kenedy. **\$3.00**

With St. Augustine, Dom Aelred holds that all love is either love of self or love of God; there is no neutral area of merely human love.

In this perspective he examines our love for other people with considerable detail and insight, pointing out that the nature of this love is not so much determined by so-and-so who seems to be its object, or even by whether or not it is reciprocated, as by the quality of the souls of those loving. If selfish, then the love is distorted to their own ends. Possessiveness and jealousy are the enemies of love. But if those who love are baptized, their love is (or must be, or ought to be, or can become—the author is not clear enough here) elevated by grace to divine love.

Unfortunately, one has to admit that Dom Aelred does something odd with human love thus identified with divine love. Although he wants to encourage the growth of love, he seems to have arrested its growth by treating the infancy of charity as the adulthood of sanctity. He wants to show the glory of human love without soaring into mystical theology. Somehow he has failed to do so.

CAROL ROBINSON.

NEW HORIZONS IN LATIN AMERICA

By John J. Considine, M.M. 379 pages. Dodd, Mead. **\$5.00**

This timely survey is the latest attempt to picture religious and cultural conditions in Latin America. It is filled with stories of laymen and priests using the latest social and economic techniques to make new Catholics and to revive the nominal. Of its five sections, three deal with South America; one calmly records the disturbing inroads of Protestantism; and the last, a sort of anticlimax, tells bright stories based on Father Considine's experiences in Central America. Three appendixes by W. J. Gibbons, S.J., list statistics of Catholic and Protestant workers and members.

For either arm-chair travelers or actual ones, there will be new pleasure coming from this Maryknoller's visits to Isnard's Department Store in Sao Paulo in Brazil, to hospices in Santiago, Chile, and to churches and homes on his long tour. Everywhere he finds Catholic life active through use of better housing, credit unions, schooling, and improved living conditions.



J. J. Considine

In Colombia he found a priest operating a broadcasting station to teach young people in the mountains their "3 R's" and religion. He met a Bolivian Bishop in Costa Rica seeking a special breed of cow that would thrive and be profitable in his diocese. Catholic Action appears to be more vital in South America than in North America.

In writing of the 5,000 Protestant missionaries and their 6,000,000 followers, Father Considine is calm and objective; he shows them using modern techniques to win over weak Catholics, but then he has shown Catholic leaders who are also effectively using similar techniques.

This book is not just a travelogue. It is an up-to-date and keen appraisal of the spiritual awakening taking place in our sister continent to the South. The survey probes current pressures on the ancient culture arising from materialism, secularism, and Communism, as well as from the proselytizing by Protestant missionaries. It gives many examples of the vigorous reaction of the ancient Church to the demands of a new age in world history. It is "must" reading for all alert Catholics who are interested in the future of the Church in South America.

FERDINAND J. WARD, C.M.

TO MARRY, WITH LOVE

By Virginia and Louis Baldwin. Bruce. 196 pages. **\$3.95**

The increasing number of books on marriage written by Catholics is a sturdy evidence not only of the existence of Catholic principles on the subject but also of a growing need and, indeed, demand for practical information on the subject. With the breakdown of marriage a common phenomenon in American life today and the atmosphere of marital paganism part of the air we all breathe, a constant reaffirmation of the Christian doctrine and its application to daily living has become imperative. Pulpit preaching and asceticism are not enough. People are looking for positive, detailed, conjugal guidance.

In this sprightly yet serious and solid volume, a young Catholic couple cover the ground effectively, from courtship through marriage and family life. Their basic recognition is taken from the *Instruction Before Marriage*, which is generally read in the Catholic marriage ceremony: "Sacrifice is usually difficult and irksome. Only love can make it easy; and perfect love can make it a joy." A solid Catholic preparation, a family of five children, and the ability to distill wisdom from experience make this unique and one of the best books in the field.

The collaboration of man and wife, who speak with the voice of experience, has given to all the subjects discussed

You are what you read. Read good books

a well-balanced and mature consideration. Questions of sustaining love, problems of in-laws, children, working wives, and pitfalls of numerous kinds are all treated in direct, frequently colloquial but always dignified, language. Clever line drawings add a lively sense of humor, which is often, in marriage as elsewhere, the difference between sanity and madness. This book may be warmly recommended to those contemplating marriage as well as to those already married, and particularly to the newly-wedded who are to learn, step by step, that "love is not a simple thing." An index would help the book.

MONSIGNOR JAMES A. MAGNER.

EVELYN WAUGH

By Frederick J. Stopp. 254 pages.
Little, Brown. \$4.00

Since the publication of *Decline and Fall*, Evelyn Waugh's satirical, and at times antic, writing genius has taken so many varying literary forms that it has been the subject of many short critical studies in magazines and reviews. In this major "Portrait of an Artist," as he calls it, Mr. Stopp is the first to try to paint the man and his works on a full-size canvas. He does it as objectively as may be, balancing the harsher judgments of Dame Rose Macaulay, J. B. Priestley, and Sean O'Faolain against his own well-tempered enthusiasms. He admits that Mr. Waugh holds, and freely expresses in his books, many opinions that provoke irritated opposition in literary circles. He pointedly remarks, however, that irritation is a poor guide to insight.

One of the most valuable parts of this excellent book is the extensive biographical treatment of Mr. Waugh and his works with which it opens. For Mr. Waugh is reticent about his private life, a fact that lent an added fillip to *The Ordeal of Gilbert Penfold* for those who thought it might be pseudo-autobiographical. Mr. Stopp writes sympathetically and understandingly of Mr. Waugh's reception into the Church by Father Martin D'Arcy, S.J.: "On firm intellectual conviction but with little emotion I was admitted into the Church." Mr. Stopp carries that same understanding of Waugh's Catholicism into his critical studies of *Campion* and *Helena*, the Catholic coloration in *Brideshead Revisited*, and the war novels.

Not everyone of critical judgment will agree with certain of Mr. Stopp's interpretations of the symbolism involved in some of the Waugh novels; but since he has had Mr. Waugh's "generous assistance" in preparing this study, it is likely that he is not far from reflecting the author's own concepts. Waugh has been characterized as the only first-rate

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DORAN HURLEY.

HOW TO GET INTO COLLEGE

By Frank H. Bowles. 157 pages.
Dutton. \$2.95

In compact question-and-answer form, Dr. Bowles, President of the College Entrance Examination Board, tells advisers, parents, and students, *if, where, and how* high school graduates should enter college. Twenty-five years ago 150,000 annually entered college; now the number is 750,000. Through the addition of easier, life-adjustment courses, standards frequently have been lowered. However, this is not true in about a hundred colleges of top admission standards, or in the best departments of some 250 colleges with medium admission standards.

Even in the 600-odd colleges with an "open door admission policy," standards remain high enough to make it probable that only students with an I.Q. above 105 will earn a degree. At present about half of those who start college stay to finish. Dr. Bowles holds that generally, "The benefits far outweigh the cost of college in time and money," only for those who finish.

He strongly urges students with talent by all means to go to college. He shows that for such, the colleges have adequate space and will have adequate space even with the expected jump in applications in 1960. Only the best colleges and universities are overcrowded.

Dr. Bowles gives helpful advice on scholarships, method of applying, application fees, costs, college entrance exams, and special arrangements for the armed services. Virtually all practical problems, as distinguished from religious and moral ones, are touched on and sensibly handled. While Catholic colleges are not specially treated (except generally as coming under the rather favored classification of private institutions), Catholic applicants can profitably make use of the practical information contained in this handy book.

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By John J. Powell, S.J. 119 pages.
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you say that I am?" Even when He was living on earth, only a few, along with Peter, could give the inspired answer, "Thou art the Christ, Son of the Living God." Today we must make the tragic admission that after 2,000 years, Christ is still a stranger to many despite His irrefutable claim to be the Messiah. It is as if He must woo and win the heart of each individual, by His Grace, by the fulfillment of prophecy, the testimony of His miracles, the endurance of His Church, and the magnetism of His personality.

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PAULA BOWES.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME

By Msgr. A. G. Martimort. 217 pages. Liturgical Press. \$3.25

"No man can have God for his Father unless he has the Church for his mother," comments St. Cyprian.

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Originally published in French under the title *En Memoire de moi*, the book has been translated by Dom Alban Dean.

ANNEX

CHRISTIANITY AND AMERICAN FREEMASONRY

By William J. Whalen. 195 pages. \$3.95. Bruce.

No doubt it will come as something of a shock to the four million American Masons that the lodge is inherently incompatible with Christianity, yet this is the thesis of this well-documented study by Mr. Whalen. To make his point, the author has not rested his case on the enemies of Freemasonry but has drawn from basic Masonic references and from acknowledged Masonic historians.

Although Masonry is generally defined as a system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, the author demonstrates that it is, in reality, a cultus or religious sect. As such its failure to embrace such vital Christian beliefs as the fall of man, the Trinity, the Incarnation, or the atonement renders it inconsistent with Christianity.

Despite the generally recognized attention on the part of most Masons to take advantage of the fraternal and benevolent aspects of the lodge, nevertheless the ritual of initiation is so constituted as to exact from any Christian enrollee promises or oaths which detract from his status as a Christian. Many of the non-Catholic sects have recognized this problem and admonished their congregations accordingly.

The Scottish Rite Masons, Southern jurisdiction, is the most patently anti-Catholic group within Masonry. A single glance at its mouthpiece—*New Age*—should dispel any notion that it entertains any but the most hostile attitude toward Catholicism. The Popes have recognized the hostility and inconsistency of Freemasonry with Catholicism for over two hundred years.

Mr. Whalen points out that the vast majority of American Masons are unaware that they are compromising their Christianity by adherence to the lodge. They are at a loss to understand the charge against Freemasonry. Yet this study should dispel all doubt concerning the essential nature of the movement.

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THE PARISH—FROM THEOLOGY TO PRACTICE

Ed. by Hugo Rahner, S.J. 142 pages.
Newman. \$2.75

Every Catholic has a parish in his life,
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the visible Church and was, at the same
time, united with Christ, the invisible
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that keep him in contact with
Christ. With his parish he fulfills his
highest human duty, that of worshipping
God in a corporate public action, the
holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Through his
parish he receives the moral training
needed to fit him for life as a Christian
in this world and to prepare him for a
never-ending destiny beyond the gate of
death.

So it is that the parish is deeply in-
volved in the life of the Catholic. This
too is why the parish is the very basic
unit in the structure of the Church, de-
signed to provide all the spiritual means
needed by the Catholic. The parish is
truly the Church in miniature and its
purpose is the same as that of the
Church itself from which it receives its
juridic existence. For the Church, as
for the individual Catholic, the parish
is truly vital.

A book like this is important because
it covers a goodly range of matters, dealing
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of brief but informative talks given by
professional experts at the famous Jesuit
House of Studies in Innsbruck, Austria.
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sharp analysis of problems facing the
contemporary parish. The book, in
smooth translation from the German,
is well worth the reading by every priest
and by every lay Catholic interested in
his own parish and in the work of the
Church for souls.

DAVID NICHOLS.

SHORT NOTICES

A KINGDOM AND A CROSS. By Helene
Magaret. 215 pages. Bruce. \$3.75.
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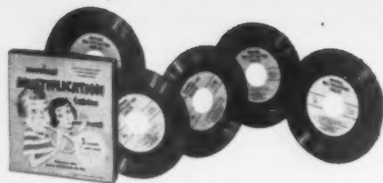
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THE SUNDAY SERMONS OF THE GREAT FATHERS. Translated and edited by M. F. Toad, D.D., Vol. I, 436 pages. Vol. II, 469 pages. Regnery, \$7.50 each. These are the first two volumes of a series of four. Liturgically arranged, the first volume runs from Advent to Lent; the second volume runs from Lent to the Feast of the Ascension. Two more volumes will complete the liturgical series.

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THE GOSPEL STORY. By Ronald Knox and Ronald Cox. 446 pages. Sheed & Ward, \$4.50. This ingenious volume offers a new experience in reading the New Testament. Throughout the book, on the left-hand page, there is the Gospel story as translated by Monsignor Knox. Here, the four Gospels have been interwoven into one continuous story, but

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A HANDBOOK OF CHRISTIAN FEASTS AND CUSTOMS. By Francis X. Weiser. 366 pages. Harcourt. \$4.95. In the field of Christian traditions, Father Weiser is well known for his previous publications, *The Christmas Book*, *The Easter Book*, and *The Holyday Book*. Here he combines material from these three volumes, rearranged for practical reference. Much of this volume is new and written not only with authoritative knowledge of ceremonies, customs, and practices of Catholics through the ages, but also written in the kind of warm style that invites reading. It offers an attractive way to introduce new and old Catholics to the liturgical life of the Church. The rich elements which clothe the Church in her outward expression of inner belief glow with warm, human experience and divine wisdom in this practical handbook, recommended for the casual reader as well as the student.

DICTIONARY OF PAPAL PRONOUNCEMENTS. Compiled by Sister M. Claudia. I.H.M. 216 pages. Kenedy. \$6.50. The author is recognized as an expert research student of modern papal documents. Here are presented, in alphabetic order, a list of 750 of these documents issued by recent Popes from Leo XIII to Pius XII. The name of the Pope, the date and circumstance of writing are given in each case, followed by a brief outline of the matters treated and references to the sources, both original and in translation, where the entire text may be found. A subject index, chronological table, and bibliography complete the work. A very valuable aid to editors and writers, to students of theology, liturgy, church history, and social science.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMON GOOD. By Richard T. Doherty. 84 pages. Catholic Book Agency, Rome. This treasury volume was originally a theological treatise presented by Father Doherty as a doctoral dissertation. In the light of Christian principles, as expounded by Saint Thomas, the author examines the current burning question of man's relation to society and society's relation to man. The old statement that the State exists for man and not man for the State is re-examined with penetrating insight and finally expressed

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A HISTORY OF CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Edward J. Power. 383 pages. Bruce. \$7.00. Here is the first fully documented and interpretative history of Catholic higher education in America. The author surveys the changing aims of Catholic higher education yesterday and today; the struggles, shortcomings, and glorious achievements are candidly told. A list of Catholic colleges and universities for men and for women makes it a handy reference volume. Pertinent data accompanies each college mentioned.

This book will be of keen interest to college faculty members and administrators in particular. It will also provide needed perspective for those who claim that there has been a lack of real intellectual development among Catholics.

GUIDE TO THE CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS IN THE UNITED STATES. Compiled by Thomas P. McCarthy, C.S.V., 381 pages. The Catholic University Press. \$3.50. (cloth, \$2.50). This is the fourth edition of the now famous "Guide." The number of Sisters and nuns in the United States is more than 160,000. A great variety of religious organizations offer all kinds of special work in the life of the Church. The "Guide" describes each religious organization, the nature of its work, the qualifications for entrance. The fourth edition devotes special attention to the newly formed Secular Institutes: to those religious institutes which accept women more advanced in age. An analytic index makes it an ideal reference book for vocational directors and all seeking precise information on women religious in America.

THE CONDUCT OF MEETINGS. By G. H. Stanford. 88 pages. Oxford University. \$3.25. In his introduction to this handy guide, the author states: "The purpose of this little book is to supply some practical guidance for the person who finds himself appointed or elected to the leadership of a committee, club, business association, or the like without having had prior experience in the conduct of meetings." The author also offers some sound advice and stresses the qualities that are needed by a good chairman.

MEXICAN CATHOLICS

(Continued from page 22)

the future? Political realities are always in the background of the Mexican Church's influence or lack thereof. Catholic leaders there have in recent decades played out one of the great diplomatic dramas in the history of Church-state relations. The old anti-religion laws are still on the statutes and a slight change in political winds could send the Church scurrying underground again. The 1,900 Catholic schools in Mexico exist illegally, but the government doesn't bother them.

The new president, Adolfo Lopez Mateos, is a man with a great talent for making a strangely unaristocratic range of friends. During the election campaign, last year, he said, "This country has now reached that point of maturity which makes it possible to govern all with equity," and few doubted that he meant it. He is an exceptional (for a politician in Mexico) and tolerant man characterized principally by an easy temperament and humane reasonableness. Another significant fact is that Lopez is a man of strong intellectual and cultural motivations. The country's leading writers, teachers, and professional men were drafted to make up the new party ticket. Thus the present government took shape and will apparently operate in an atmosphere of enlightenment and discipline instead of under the direction of party hacks and leaders-on-the-make.

Before I went to Mexico, a friend who has lived there several years told me in forthright, convinced terms: "In twenty-five years, Mexico will in no sense of the word be a Catholic country." I went there expecting to write a gloomy story on the disappearing character of the Church. Nothing I saw or heard in any way confirmed what my friend had told me. The reality of faith that cuts through the country like a magnetic presence was made dramatically clear to me on my last night in Mexico. I was stranded in the lonely, dust-encrusted northern city of Chihuahua. It was late at night and a cold rain had begun to fall. I was waiting for a bus that seemed an eternity away when a *mestizo* with the soiled sombrero and rough hands of a working man stopped to inquire about my predicament. I told him I was a priest on my way back to the States.

He insisted that I spend the night with him and his family. His home was little better than a hovel. But the *Virgen* glowed over the fireplace and there was an unmistakable atmosphere of family warmth and happiness. The next morning as I took my leave, he slipped a 10-peso bill in my hand. "Por nuestro padre," he said. "For our padre." He could ill afford such a gesture. And I had no need of money. But I took it. I wanted it as an abiding souvenir of the Catholic people of Mexico.

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THE MAN BEYOND EAST AND WEST

(Continued from page 17)

be accomplished only "in the bosom of Christ."

Christianity, Wu has frequently observed, is not western, "although one wishes sometimes that the West were more Christian." Christianity, he says, is supranational. "It is beyond East and West."

It is, also, he adds, "beyond plumbing," referring to the tendency of Americans, traveling abroad, to let the material backwardness of a country blind them to any genuine knowledge of its people.

From time to time, as we talk, a cup of tea appears, courtesy of Mrs. Wu. "It is green tea," Wu says. "Very soothing." He drinks his from a small metal pot, sipping it through the spout. This, too, it appears, is a custom among "old-fashioned Chinese."

Wu's eyes dream again. His thoughts take a little journey and return. "That is the difference between the East and the West," he says. "The East is tea and the West is coffee." A breath or two later, he confides that the first liquid he takes in the morning is a cup of coffee.

"It shocks me into complete wakefulness," he says. "But for the rest of the day it is tea. Green tea. Very soothing."

The day at the Wus' house begins at seven when Mrs. Wu arises. At 7:45 she wakes her husband so that the two of them can make eight o'clock Mass.

"I never awaken on my own," Wu says. "She has to waken me. When she first calls, I find the action unwelcome. I am a lazy man and it takes all my will power to arise and face another day. But my wife is very diligent about getting me up."

"She has two reasons for being so. One is that she loves God. The other is because she knows me. She knows that if I do not go to Communion in the morning I will be fidgety all day. You see, I am still a sort of spoiled child."

"Well, we do go to Mass. Often we are late because of my indolence, but we get there. And afterward, I am so full of joy and gratitude, and I thank God again for giving me such a wonderful wife—for, after all, it is she who has given me the day."

"You see there are still some Catholics who do not fully understand what marriage is. True marriage is not a man and a woman in love with each other. It is a man and a woman mutually in love with Christ. It is He who keeps a marriage together, and it is when He is not there that a marriage falls apart. My wife and I are most truly married when we go to church together in the morning and when, just before we retire at night, we kneel with the children about us and say the Rosary."

"Now here is an interesting thing. Every once in a while I do not get to Communion in the morning and every time that happens, sometime during the day, we receive an unexpected visit from a priest. You see now why I say that I am nothing at all, that I would mess up my life in a minute were it not for the grace of God."

Wu smiles, or rather his half-smile makes a momentary appearance. "I have a Chinese friend," he says. "who is a very able writer. He has written some fine books but lately he has taken to writing about sex."

"Now, here is the difference between that man and me. He is not a Catholic but, morally, he is the best man I have ever known. I am a wicked man. I have done about all there is to be done in the wickedness line."

"Now my good friend writes books about sex, and I who am a bad man do not. Perhaps the reason is that he knows nothing of wickedness and I know too much. I know how hollow it is and how wise it is simply to forget it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

While Wu invariably speaks of his offspring as the "children," only 16-year-old John Jude and eighteen-year-old Lucy fall roughly into this category. All the other children are very much grown up, ranging in age from Therese, twenty, to Thomas, forty. Those still at home are a good looking lot and as different from one another as tuning forks from pianos.

John, a student at Seton Hall Prep, is a rangy boy, always dashing in and out of the house with the busyness of a teenager newly feeling his oats. Lucy is a willowy beauty with the poise of a born lady. Recently graduated from Maryland in the Oranges, she is now attending St. Elizabeth's on a scholarship. Therese is studying biology and mathematics at Caldwell, a college run by the Dominican sisters. Psychology is the major interest of twenty-two-year-old Stephen, junior at Seton Hall. Vincent, twenty-five, is the owner of an exceptional tenor voice, a student of languages and a business man. He and a friend are currently producing and selling a new food product, a chip made of various flavors of tapioca. Francis, twenty-seven, teaches music appreciation at Seton Hall. He is a serious, clear-eyed young man, interested in political trends and given to expressing his opinion of some of them by a shake of his head and a solemn "cluck, cluck!"

The away-from-homers are business men, career diplomats, teachers, or housewives; and one of them, Peter, is studying for the priesthood at Maryknoll.

A day at the Wus' passes too quickly. It is late afternoon and there are still some blank pages in my notebook. Would Dr. Wu care to voice his impres-

of the American character, including any changes in it noted since his first trip to our shores in 1920 to begin law studies at the University of Michigan.

"Americans," he says, "are more Christian than they think they are. They are sort of natural or unconscious Christians. By which I mean that, religiously speaking, many of them are in an adolescent stage. You know how it is with a youngster when he enters upon that period between childhood and maturity. Overnight he decides that Daddy and Mommy know nothing and he can stand on his own."

"So it is right now with many Americans. They flee from orthodoxy and look to so-called liberal creeds, suddenly convinced that their Father in Heaven doesn't know the score and that they can stand on their own."

Wu is asked if he thinks this will change, if Americans will soon grow up with a religious sense. His answer, accompanied by his half-smile, is a graciously gentle reminder that "hope is a virtue to be cultivated."

"Americans," he says, "are the most selfish people on earth. Unlike the Oriental, the average American is not self-centered. He throws himself into work the way he drives a car, with all his attention on what he is doing and none on himself."

"This is admirable but dangerous. Absorbed in good but secondary activities, the average American is running the risk of losing his soul. To some degree the human being must be self-centered. He must be concerned with his own personal salvation."

The windows of the pleasant living room are darkening. There is time for only one more question. If Wu were to mention some of the really great people in history, whose names would occupy his list?

"Well," he says, "Napoleon wouldn't be there, or even Caesar. St. Paul would be of course; St. Thomas Aquinas, along with the great mystical theologians, the great Chinese religious teachers, St. Teresa of Avila and the Little Flower. Prominent would be St. John-Baptiste de La Salle, the little cure of Ars."

"Now there was a Saint Americans should know better. What a miracle of a man he was. How much he said in few words. Think of him, preaching to his people in that dingy little French room, saying to them:

"There is no secret, no hocus-pocus, about getting to Heaven. Simply live each day in a way that is pleasing to God."

I close my notebook, feeling that it has got all it deserves, and a statement from Mr. John L. McNulty, president of the St. Ignace Hall, comes to mind.

"Dr. John C. H. Wu is one of the great men of our times."

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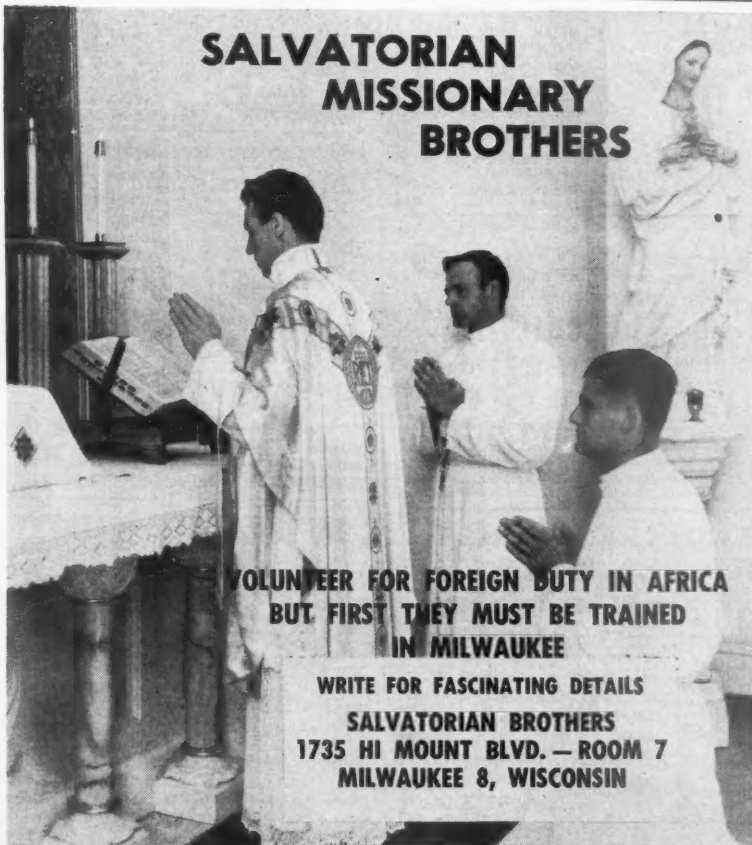
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

Frenchmen nor Englishmen. They are to be regarded as down-to-earth. God bless hard-working individuals who have the strength within themselves.

Congratulations to THE SIGN and Wright for such a colorful and informative article.

NANCY McMAHON

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

RUSSIA

I'd like to say that I think the "Russia—Advanced Nation?" by David Dallin, (December) should be a real opener to all America of the advanced Russia . . .

HELEN

DICKINSON, NO. DAK.

Re: "Russia: Advanced Nation?" answer seems to me to be: "Relatively—disturbingly so."

Surely, despite New York City, General Motors, and Hollywood, such things as "shacks (wooden izbas)" with plumbing are not entirely unknown in America. But we can justify this as evidence of our freedom from governmental interference in our chosen private lives! Women working in heavy industry, etc., were pretty proud of the contributions made by our own during the second World War. . . .

I'm not suggesting (partly because I really don't know too much about it) that present-day Russia is a paradise for the average man. But I do feel that we are building our own fool's paradise if we spend our time knocking their standard of living. From the gist of this very article I get the impression that the Russian economy is based fundamentally (whether popular or not isn't the issue) on a wartime footing. If a major war should break out (let us pray to be spared from this), the Western nations will have to swallow their pride and convert to Russia's economic system and fast!

Meanwhile, let us get our facts straight and put our own house in order. We believe we are right, and Russia is wrong not because of plumbing, but because we consider that God has first place in our hearts. We (or at least, I) fear Russia because of the uneasiness that they are true to their professed ideals than we are.

We could refuse to have any dealings with her government whatsoever—because it is officially Communist—in the diplomatic sense; but unofficially, express in thought, words, and actions the same compassion for her suffering peoples as we do (or should do) for the unfortunate right here in our own midst.

L. H. RICK

OTTAWA, CANADA

SUBURBIA

I read with interest the article in THE SIGN for September entitled "What Suburbia Does to a Diocese." This article does a good job of reporting what has happened to Cleveland, Ohio, in respect to the growth

of the city. It also analyzes the situation from a Catholic viewpoint, explaining in detail what has happened to the old parishes and outlines the plans of the new parishes in the suburbs.

This same article could be written about Baltimore, Maryland, as it has experienced the same upheaval. There are parishes in Baltimore counterparts of Cleveland's St. Thomas Aquinas parish, where whites have been replaced by Negroes, and exactly the same conditions have followed this change. . . .

JAMES P. CURRAN

BALTIMORE, Md.

THE BRATTSTROMS OF SWEDEN

I have been reading THE SIGN for the past six months and think it is the best magazine on the market. Being of Swedish descent I found the picture story of "The Brattstroms of Sweden" (November) especially interesting. I would like to take this opportunity of asking your many readers to remember the conversion of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark in their prayers. I look forward to reading your excellent magazine during the coming year.

HARRY OLSON, JR.

BETHPAGE, N. Y.

DECEMBER COVER

Your December cover is beautiful, though simple.

LOUISE CATTAPAN

CHICAGO, ILL.

UNINTERESTED LAYMEN?

I have no intention of taking up your time with a four-page letter. However, for some time I intended to write THE SIGN in reference to the June article on NCCM's Martin Work which also appeared in Catholic Digest. I was surprised there was no comment from readers in subsequent issues, if I am not mistaken. Is this an indication of how little interest laymen as a whole have in combating vicious practices in politics, labor management, housing decency, etc., before they reach the scandal stage and have to be publicly investigated after the damage is done? It seems to me this effort to arouse the laymen on all levels fell flat on its face.

PATRICK LYNCH

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS

I regret to see in your department "Current Fact and Comment" (December) your praise for the "Universal Declaration of Human Rights" and your comparison of it to our Bill of Rights. I suggest you take a closer look at both documents. . . .

Although it is true that the Human Rights declaration has no legal force, I might also point out that in 1951 the California Court of Appeals ruled that the U.N. charter "is paramount to every law of every state in conflict with it," and the judges even used the Universal Declaration of Human Rights to help them decide what



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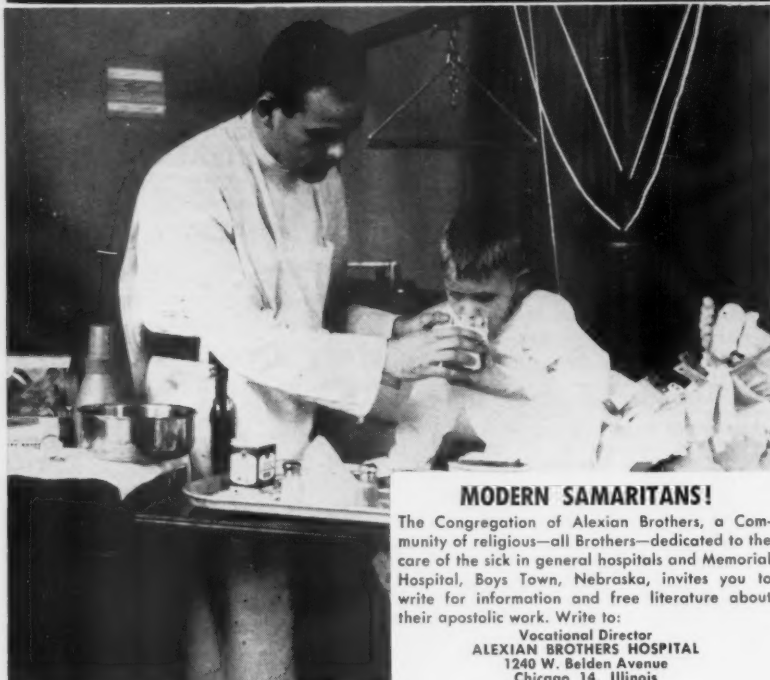
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Chicago 31, Illinois

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the U.N. charter means. I seriously hope you look into this matter more thoroughly and reconsider your position.

EARL WILLIAMS

BURBANK, CALIF.

ON THE ROAD

"On the Road" (December, p. 14), I think you've missed the boat. What age group has the most accidents? What age group has to carry the highest insurance premiums? Yes this, as suggested in THE SIGN, may help—but the real problem is making the well, healthy, well-balanced people aware of their responsibility.

JUDY JUST

LAKEWOOD, CALIF.

THE CROSS

It was good to see another article on the Cross by Father Bertrand Weaver, C.P. in your November issue . . .

I have personally culled these articles from your issues but, for real worth, I should like to see them in booklet form.

MRS. HERBERT N. DAWES

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.

IRREVERENCE

I agree with your statement (October, page 12) that irreverence is the greatest sin of the twentieth century. . . .

MISS JULIETTA MEEMKEN

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

THE ARABS

Thank you for another splendid editorial on the Near East—"Betrayal of the Arabs" in the September issue. Once again you have scored a bull's-eye.

JOANNE C. BRAUN

DELMAR, N. Y.

"RIGHT-TO-WORK"

Your recent "Right-to-Work" editorial was one of the best editorials I have ever read. I am not a union member, but I realize that what your editorial stated was absolutely correct. Many of my friends, all of whom are likewise not union members, thought your editorial was excellent. . . .

DON DAVID

PHILA., PA.

Perhaps abuses of management caused the pendulum to swing and favor labor but if Right-to-Work Laws are enacted, "Labor" will have only its own behavior to thank. A nonviolent mediating solution might be found if so many of our brains were not preoccupied with pushing extremes.

J. F. MAHONY

BRIELLE, N. J.

Your article "Right-to-Work Laws" is most amazing and is not based on facts; in fact, it is so far from the facts that I do not want to continue my subscription.

C. W. JEEP

AFTON, MO.